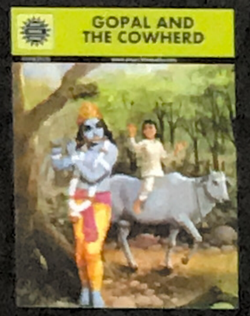
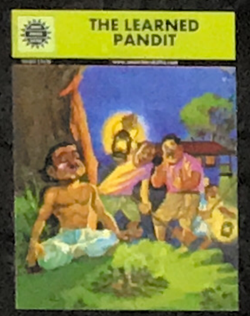
FABLES & HUMOUR

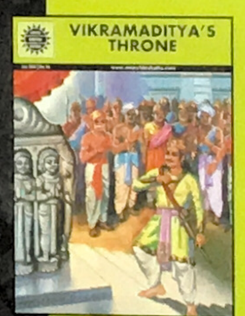
THE PANDIT AND THE MILKMAID

The hypocrisy of the famous, the unquenchable greed of the rich, the smugness of the ignorant are often encountered in our everyday world. Yet, when Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa weaves them into a story, they make us laugh and alert us to our own weaknesses, setting us firmly on the road to being better human beings.

OTHER ACK FABLES & HUMOUR:







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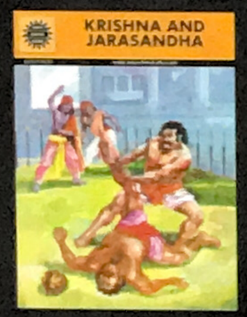

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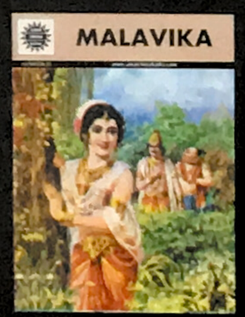

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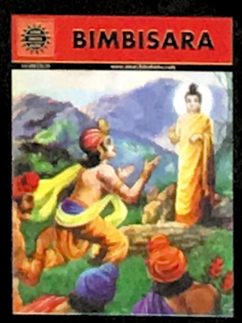
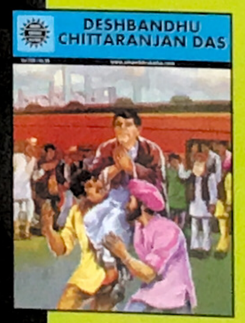


BRAVEHEARTS



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- NARAYAN MURTHY, CHIEF MENTOR, INFOSYS

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AMAR CHITRA KATHA

THE PANDIT AND THE MILKMAID

TALES TOLD BY SRI RAMAKRISHNA

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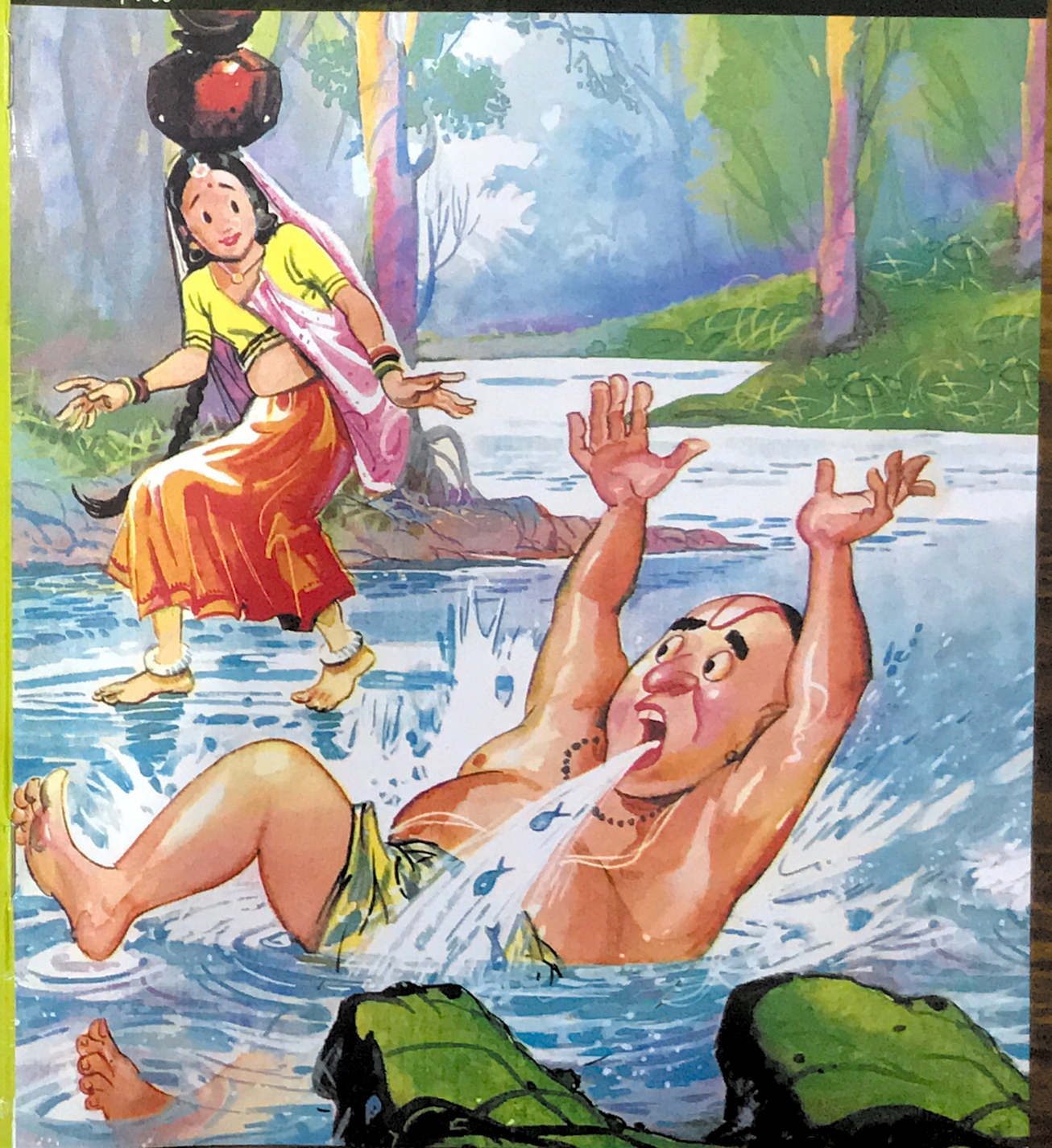


THE PANDIT AND THE MILKMAID

THERE WAS ONCE A PANDIT WHO LIVED ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER. SO LEARNED WAS HE THAT OTHER PANDITS CAME FROM FAR AND NEAR TO CONSULT HIM.

EXCELLENT, PANDITJI! YOUR EXPLANATION OF THIS VERSE IS EXCELLENT!

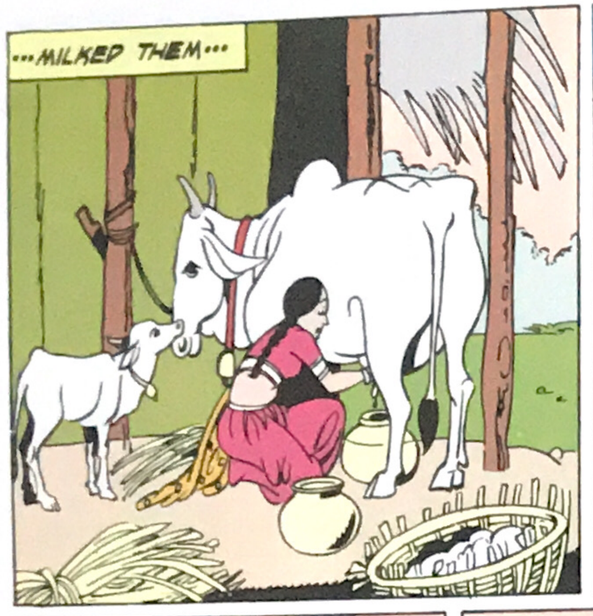
EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!

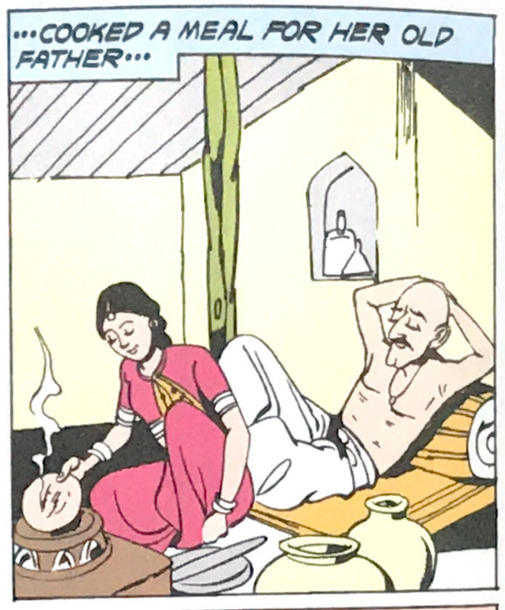
THANK YOU, FRIENDS, THANK YOU!

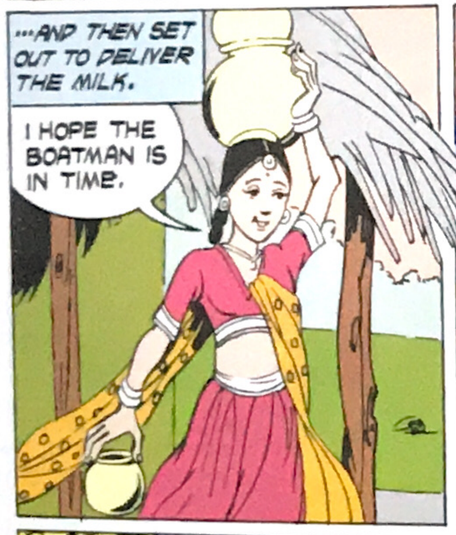
A GREATLY RESPECTED MAN INDEED WAS PANDITJI!

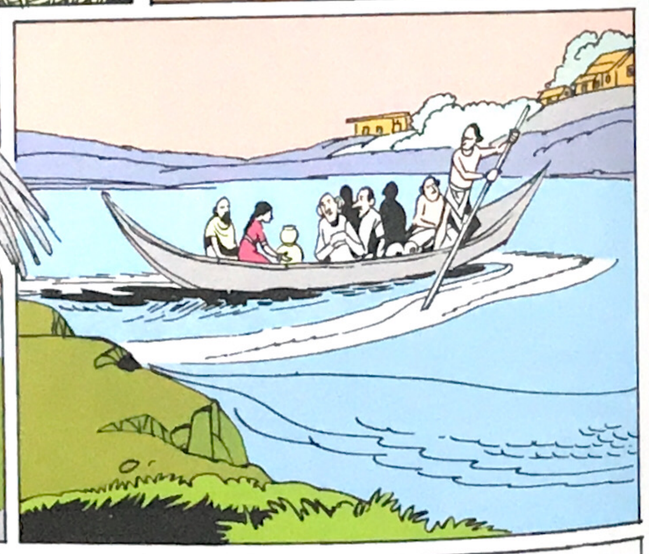
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, LIVED A MILKMAID CALLED LAKSHMI WHO SOLD MILK TO THE PANDIT.

HERS WAS A BUSY DAY. SHE WOKE EARLY IN THE MORNING, BATHED HER COWS...

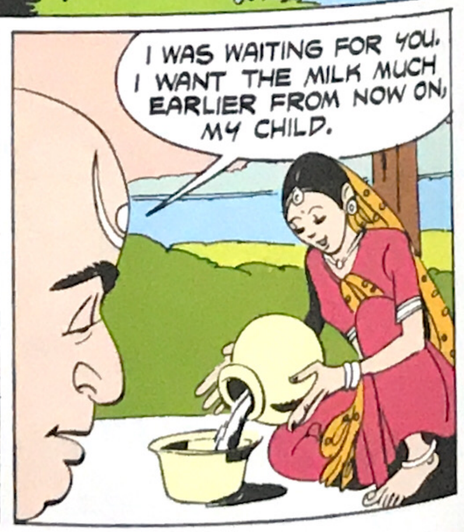

...MILKED THEM...

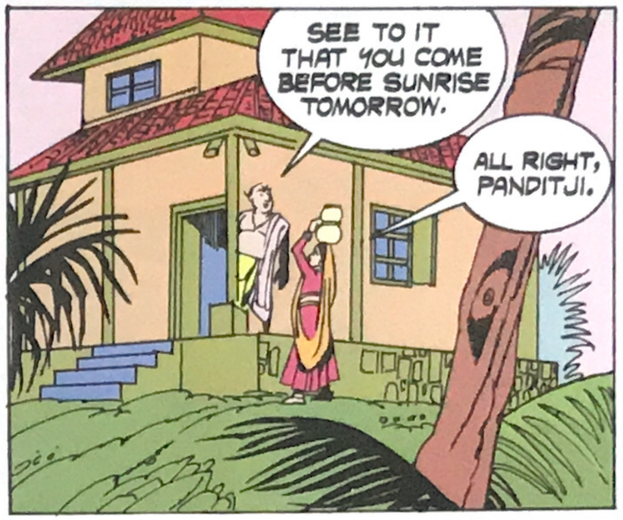

...COOKED A MEAL FOR HER OLD FATHER...


...AND THEN SET OUT TO DELIVER THE MILK.
I HOPE THE BOATMAN IS IN TIME.

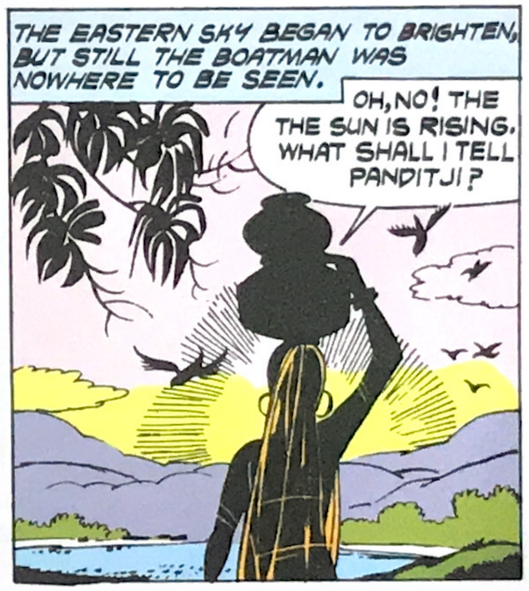


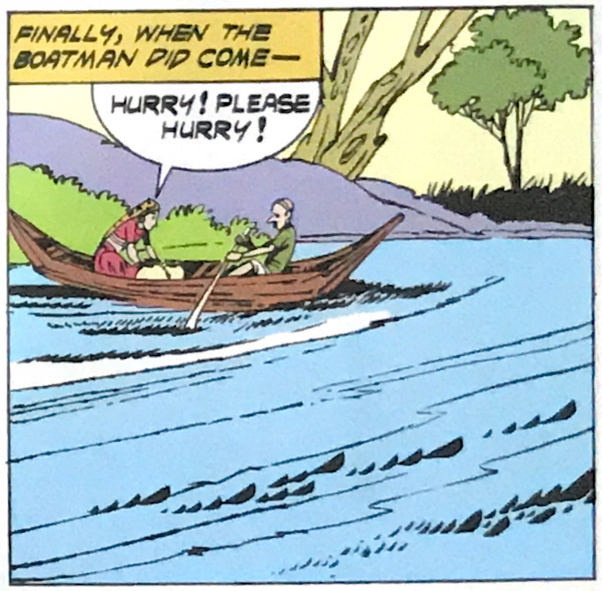
NAMASTE, PANDITJI.
AH, LAKSHMI! YOU'VE COME, AT LAST.

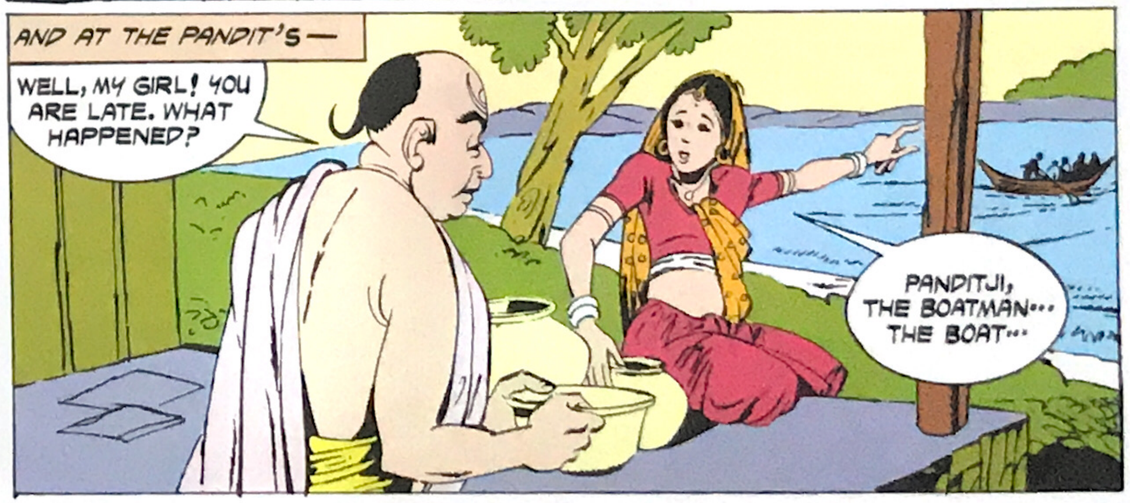

I WAS WAITING FOR YOU. I WANT THE MILK MUCH EARLIER FROM NOW ON, MY CHILD.

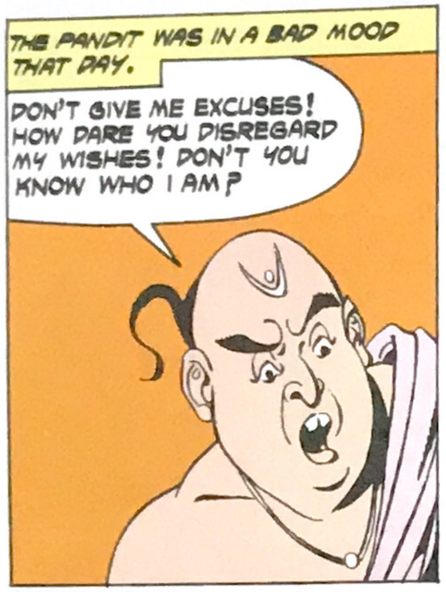

SEE TO IT THAT YOU COME BEFORE SUNRISE TOMORROW.
ALL RIGHT, PANDITJI.

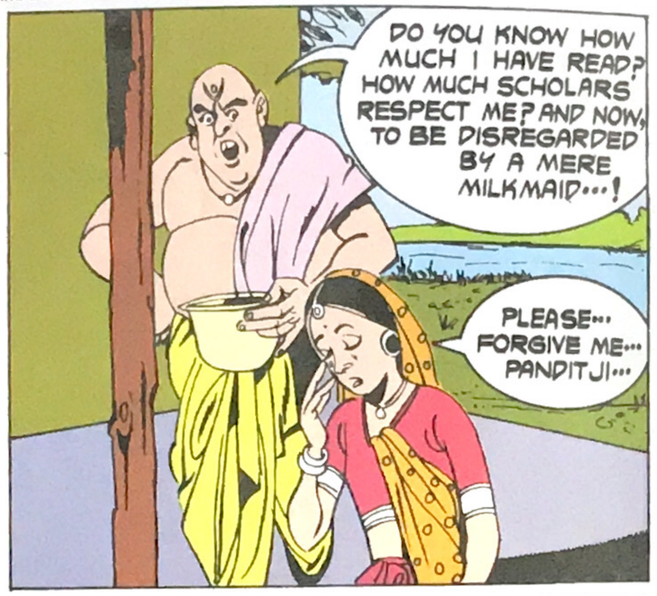
THE NEXT MORNING—
THE BOATMAN IS NOT HERE YET. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT.

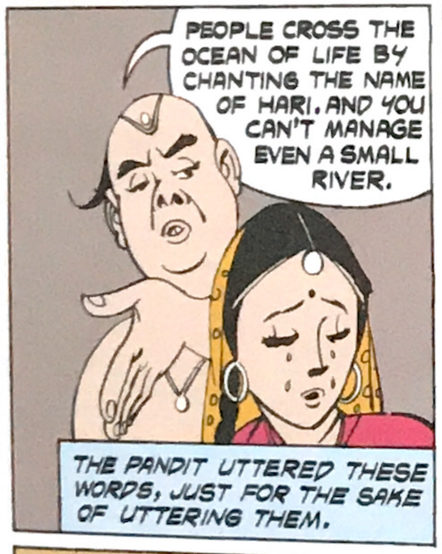

THE EASTERN SKY BEGAN TO BRIGHTEN, BUT STILL THE BOATMAN WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.
OH, NO! THE THE SUN IS RISING. WHAT SHALL I TELL PANDITJI?

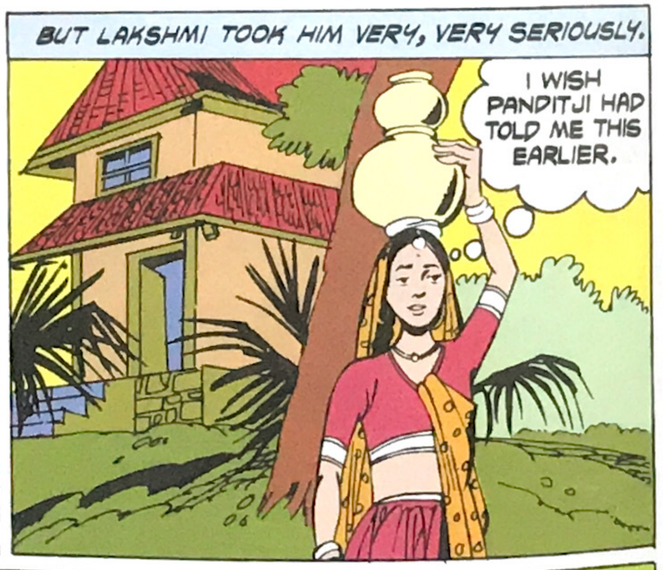

FINALLY, WHEN THE BOATMAN DID COME—
HURRY! PLEASE HURRY!

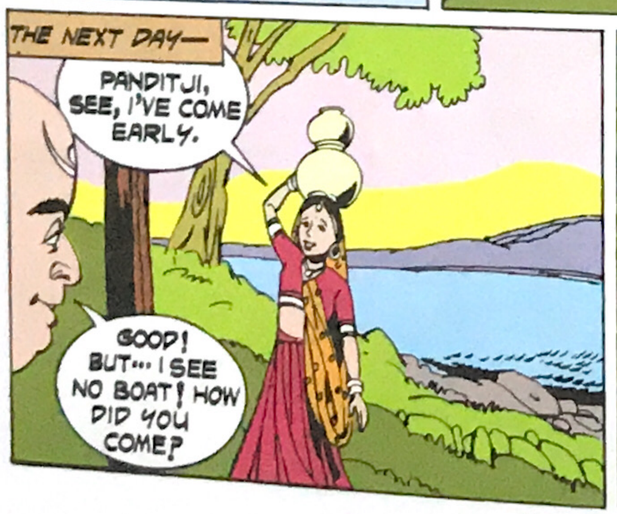

AND AT THE PANDIT'S—
WELL, MY GIRL! YOU ARE LATE. WHAT HAPPENED?
PANDITJI, THE BOATMAN... THE BOAT...


THE PANDIT WAS IN A BAD MOOD THAT DAY.
DON'T GIVE ME EXCUSES! HOW DARE YOU DISREGARD MY WISHES! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?


DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I HAVE READ? HOW MUCH SCHOLARS RESPECT ME? AND NOW, TO BE DISREGARDED BY A MERE MILKMAID...!
PLEASE... FORGIVE ME... PANDITJI...


PEOPLE CROSS THE OCEAN OF LIFE BY CHANTING THE NAME OF HARI. AND YOU CAN'T MANAGE EVEN A SMALL RIVER.
THE PANDIT UTTERED THESE WORDS, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF UTTERING THEM.

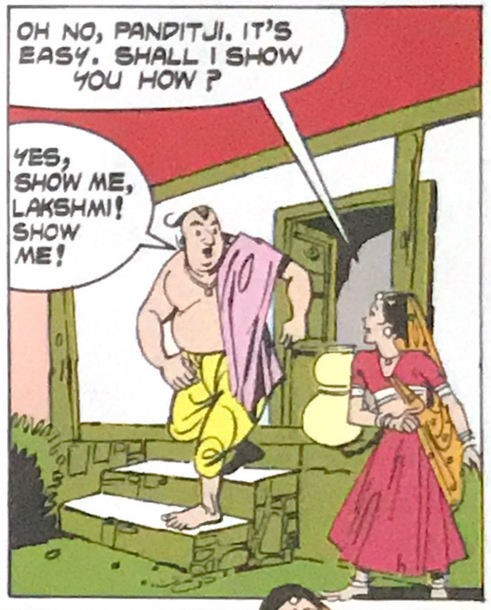

BUT LAKSHMI TOOK HIM VERY, VERY SERIOUSLY.
I WISH PANDITJI HAD TOLD ME THIS EARLIER.

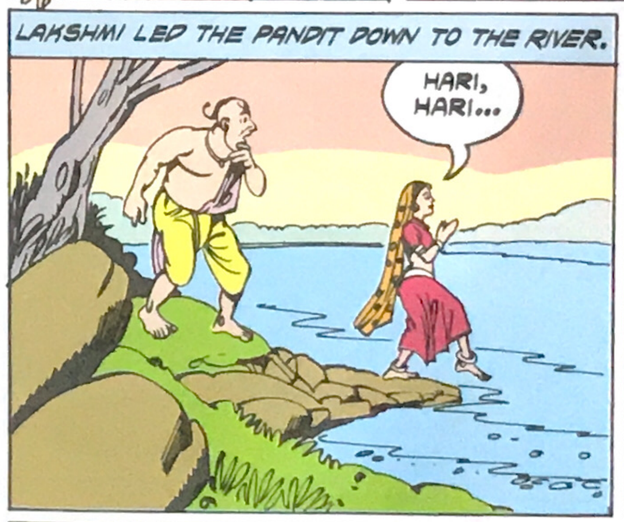

THE NEXT DAY—
PANDITJI, SEE, I'VE COME EARLY.
GOOD! BUT... I SEE NO BOAT! HOW DID YOU COME?

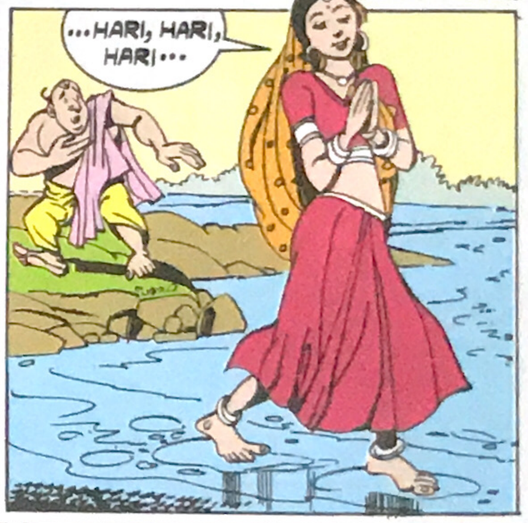
THE WAY YOU TOLD ME TO, PANDITJI.
THE WAY I TOLD YOU? WHAT WAY IS THAT?

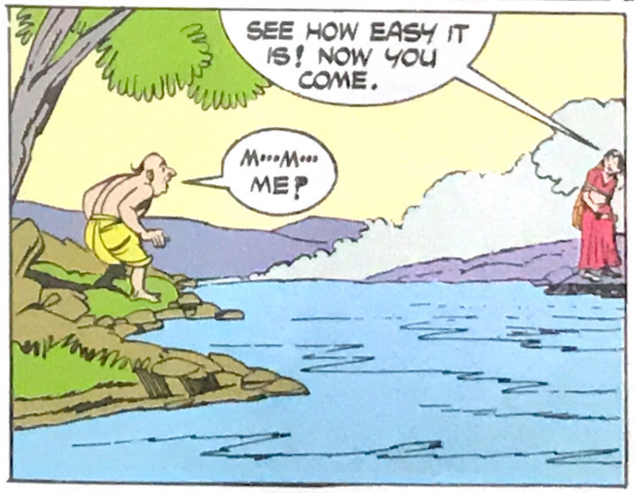
I CROSSED OVER BY CHANTING THE NAME OF HARI. AND SEE, HERE I AM!

IMPOSSIBLE! YOU ARE LYING!

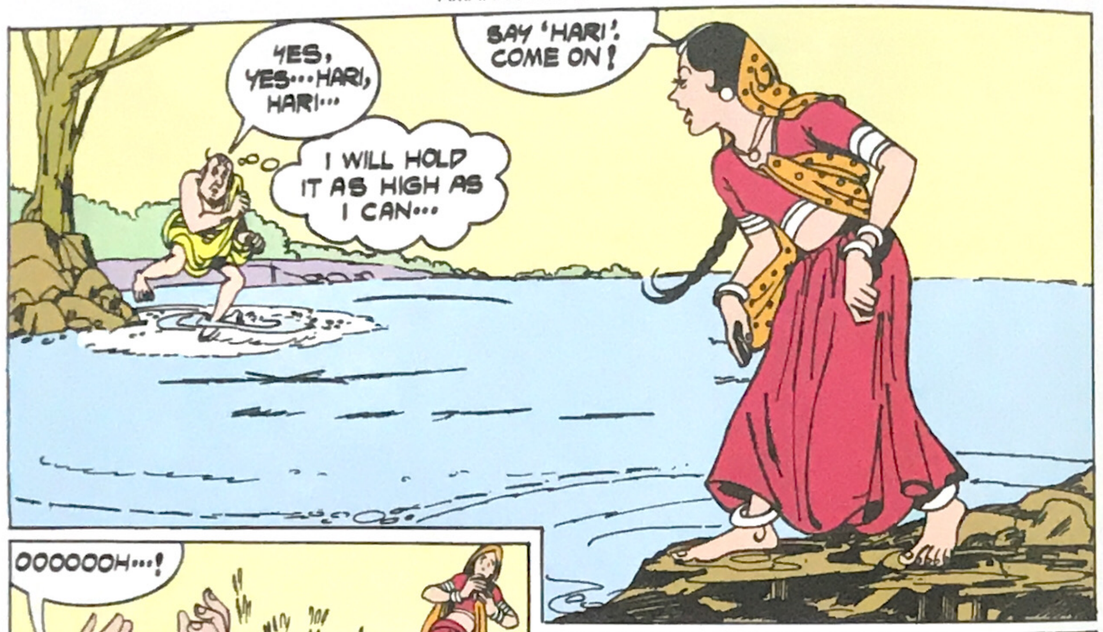

OH NO, PANDITJI. IT'S EASY. SHALL I SHOW YOU HOW?
YES, SHOW ME, LAKSHMI! SHOW ME!

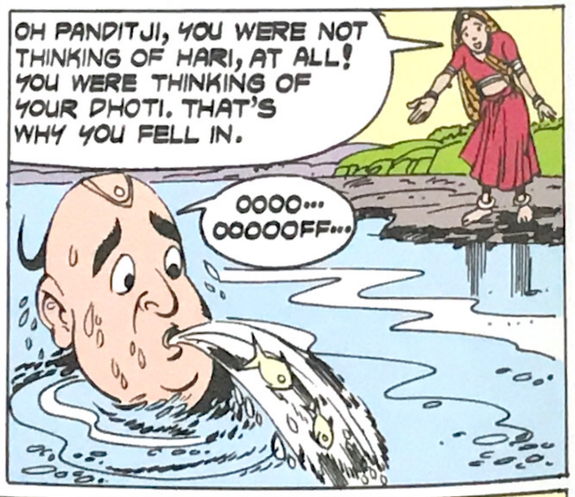

LAKSHMI LED THE PANDIT DOWN TO THE RIVER.
HARI, HARI...

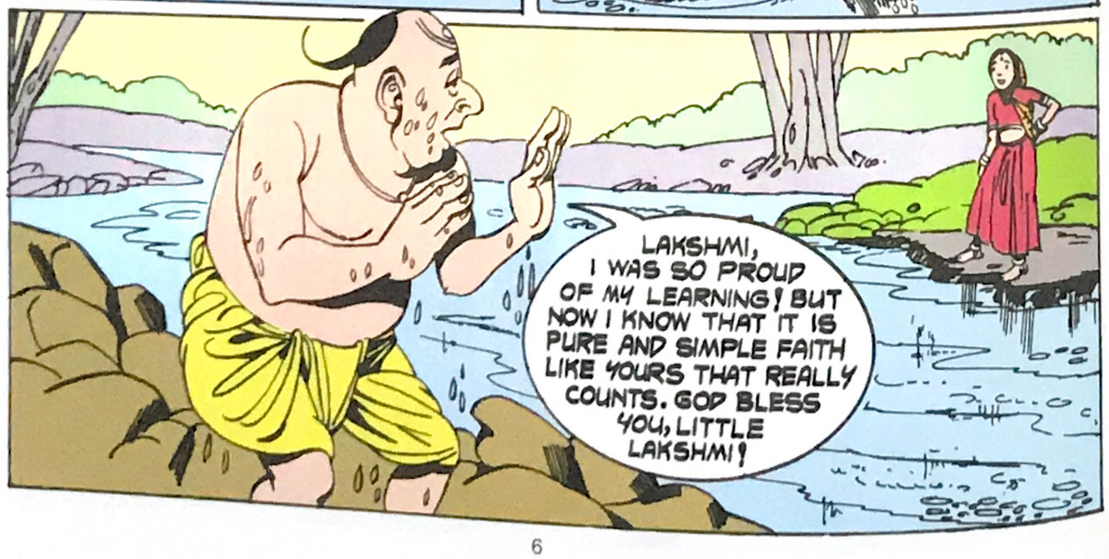

...HARI, HARI, HARI...


SEE HOW EASY IT IS! NOW YOU COME.
M...M... ME?

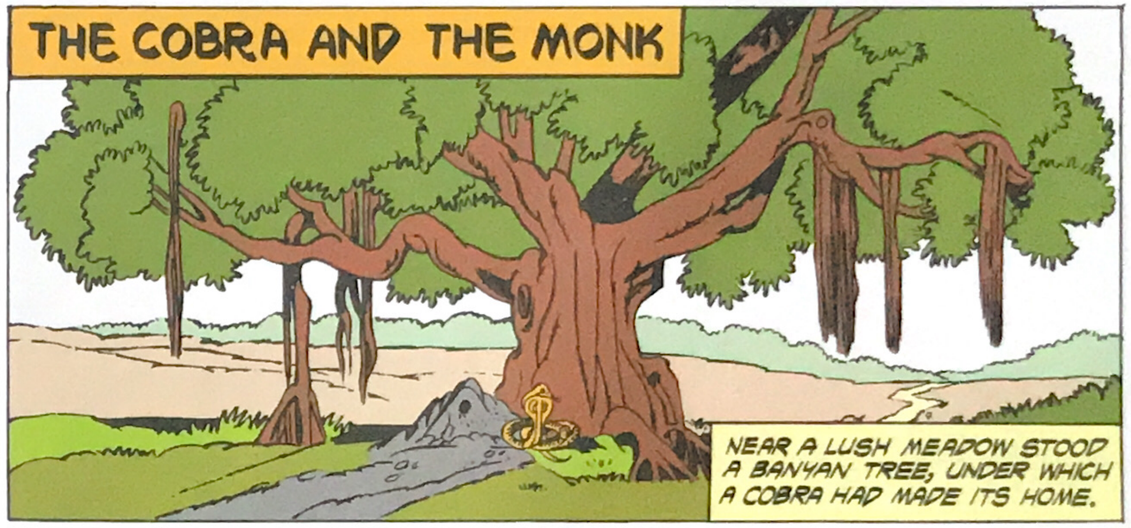
COME, PANDITJI!
I...I... I...
MY NEW SILK DHOTI... I MUST BE CAREFUL.

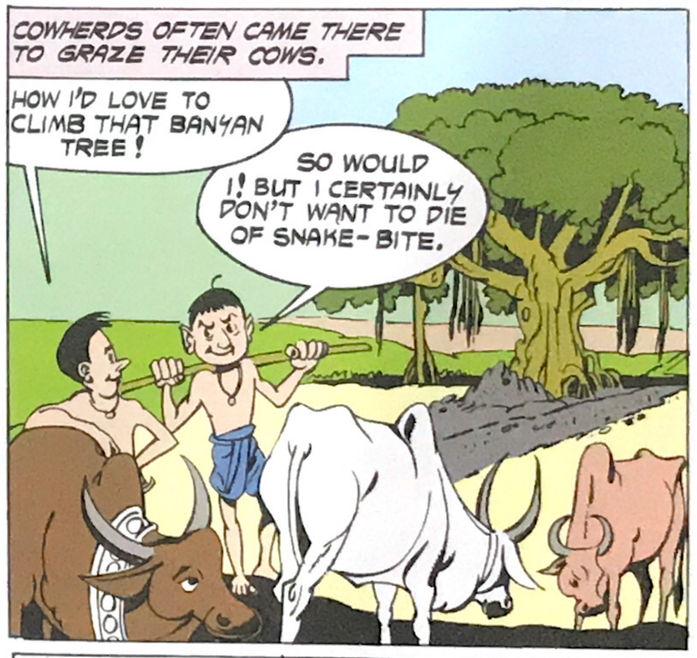


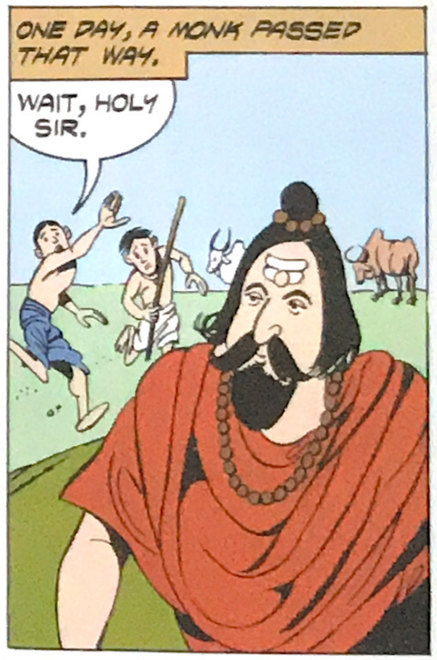


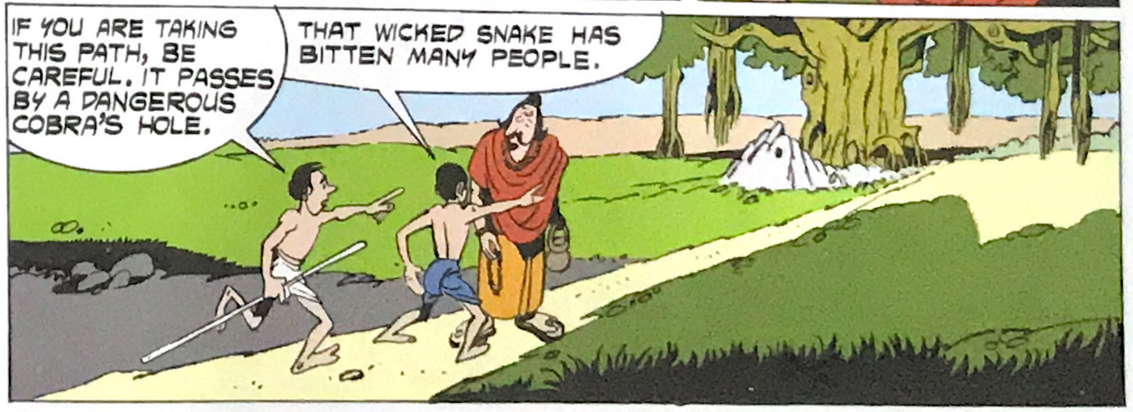


THE COBRA AND THE MONK

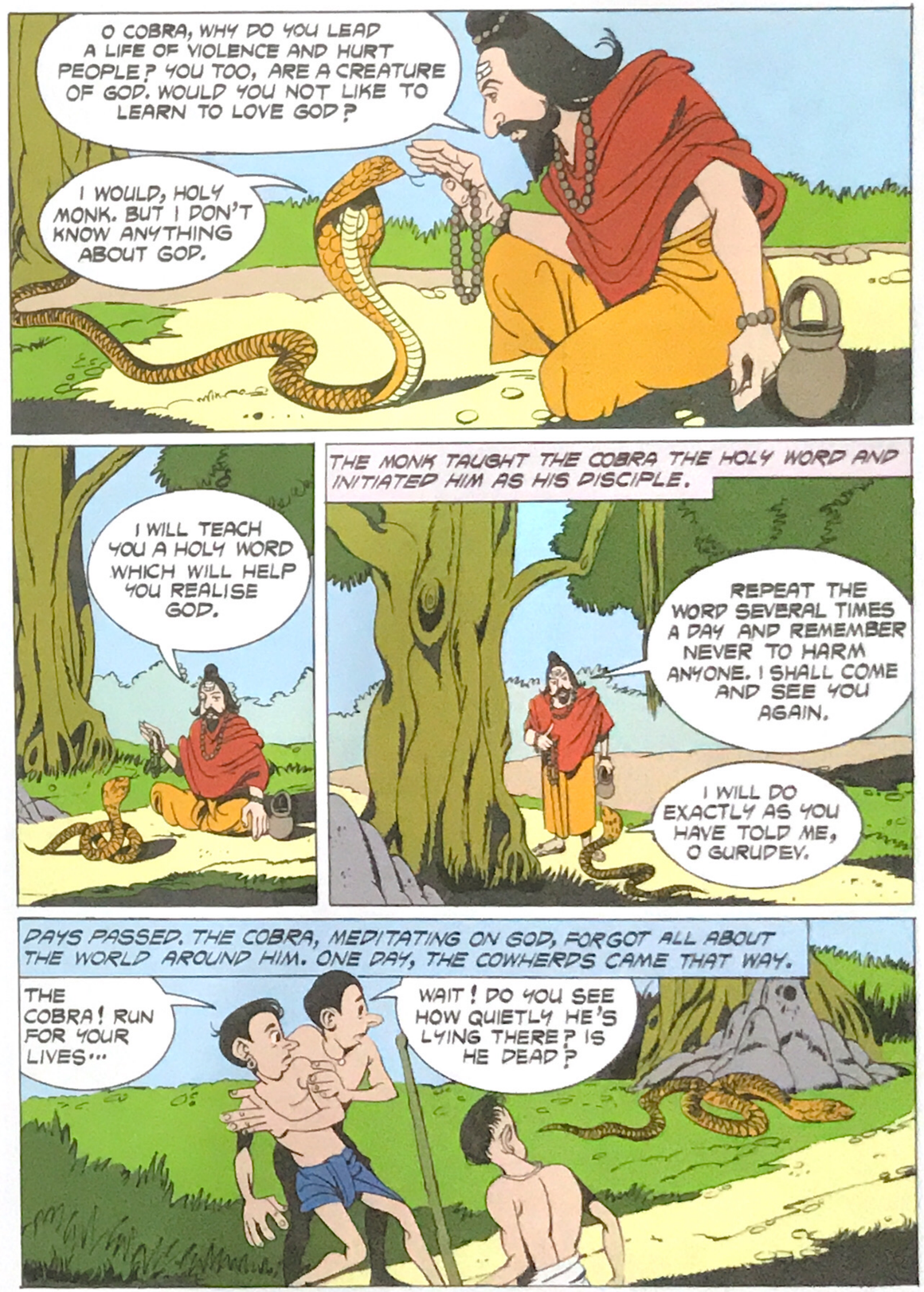








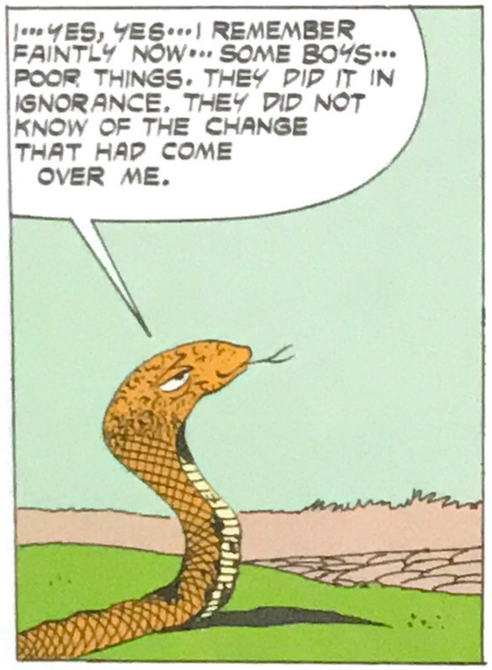
DON'T WORRY, MY BOYS. I AM NOT AFRAID OF IT. I KNOW A WAY OF TAMING THE CREATURE.
AND TO THE BOYS' ASTONISHMENT...
...THE MONK WALKED CALMLY PAST THE TREE. THE COBRA SAW HIM...
...AND PUFFING OUT ITS HOOD, SPRANG FORWARD, HISSING.
GENTLY, THE MONK RAISED HIS HAND AND CHANTED A MANTRA.
INSTANTLY, THE SNAKE LOWERED ITS HOOD AND LAY AS HARMLESS AS AN EARTHWORM AT THE MONK'S FEET.

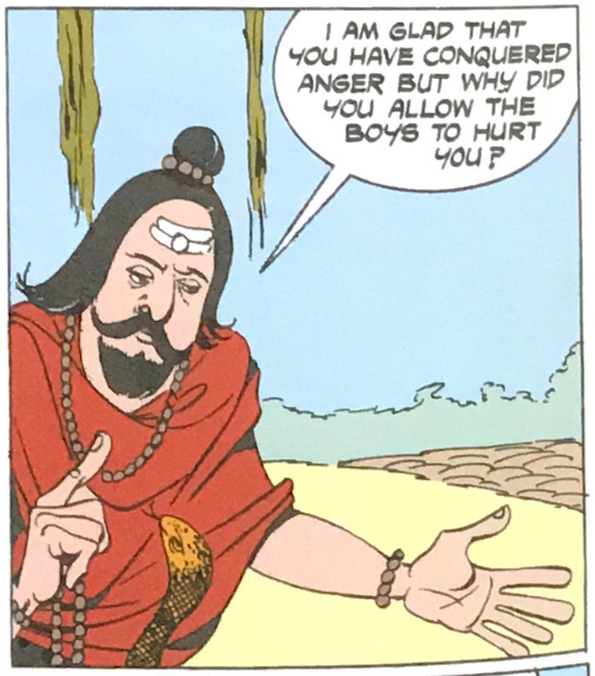

O COBRA, WHY DO YOU LEAD A LIFE OF VIOLENCE AND HURT PEOPLE? YOU TOO, ARE A CREATURE OF GOD. WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO LEARN TO LOVE GOD?
I WOULD, HOLY MONK. BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GOD.
I WILL TEACH YOU A HOLY WORD WHICH WILL HELP YOU REALISE GOD.
THE MONK TAUGHT THE COBRA THE HOLY WORD AND INITIATED HIM AS HIS DISCIPLE.
REPEAT THE WORD SEVERAL TIMES A DAY AND REMEMBER NEVER TO HARM ANYONE. I SHALL COME AND SEE YOU AGAIN.
I WILL DO EXACTLY AS YOU HAVE TOLD ME, O GURUDEV.
DAYS PASSED. THE COBRA, MEDITATING ON GOD, FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE WORLD AROUND HIM. ONE DAY, THE COWHERDS CAME THAT WAY.
THE COBRA! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES...
WAIT! DO YOU SEE HOW QUIETLY HE'S LYING THERE? IS HE DEAD?

THE BOYS BECAME BOLDER AND VENTURED CLOSER.
NO, HE'S ALIVE. I JUST SAW HIM MOVE, BUT HE SEEMS ILL.
THE BOYS BEGAN TO THROW STONES AT IT...
...BUT EVEN THEN THE COBRA DID NOTHING.
SUDDENLY, ONE BOY RAN UP, TOOK THE COBRA BY THE TAIL...
...AND WHIRLING IT ROUND AND ROUND, DASHED IT AGAINST THE GROUND.
THE POOR SNAKE LAY THERE, SENSELESS.

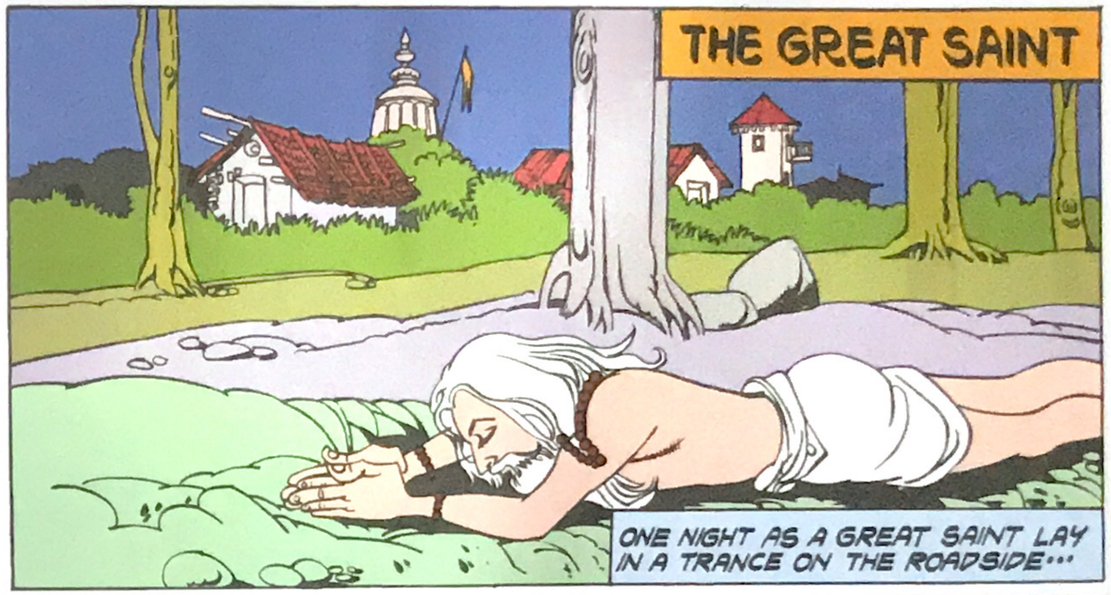
THAT NIGHT, IT SLOWLY RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS.
OHHH... I FEEL DIZZY AND ILL. MY BODY HURTS SO MUCH...
DRAGGING ITSELF PAINFULLY TO ITS HOLE, IT MANAGED TO LIVE ON SOMEHOW.
THERE GOES A RAT. BUT MY GURU TOLD ME I MUST NOT HARM ANYONE. I WILL LIVE ON THESE DRY LEAVES AND BERRIES.
THE COBRA SOON BECAME THIN AND GAUNT.
ONE DAY, THE SAME MONK CAME TO SEE THE COBRA. HE WAS ASTONISHED AT THE SNAKE'S PLIGHT.
YOU LOOK SO THIN! HAVE YOU BEEN ILL?
O GURU, YOU ASKED ME NOT TO HARM ANYONE. SO I HAVE BEEN LIVING ON LEAVES AND BERRIES. THAT MUST HAVE MADE ME THIN.

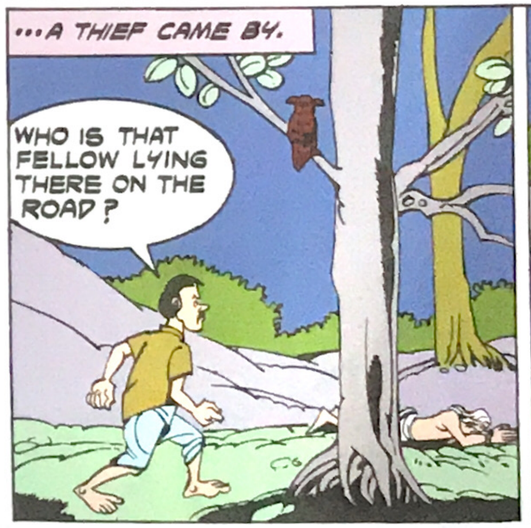
BUT THERE ARE MARKS OF INJURY ALL OVER YOU. THINK HARD. DID SOMEONE HURT YOU?


I...YES, YES...I REMEMBER FAINTLY NOW... SOME BOYS... POOR THINGS. THEY DID IT IN IGNORANCE. THEY DID NOT KNOW OF THE CHANGE THAT HAD COME OVER ME.


I AM GLAD THAT YOU HAVE CONQUERED ANGER BUT WHY DID YOU ALLOW THE BOYS TO HURT YOU?

I ASKED YOU NOT TO BITE, BUT SURELY I DIDN'T ASK YOU NOT TO HISS!


THE GREAT SAINT
ONE NIGHT AS A GREAT SAINT LAY IN A TRANCE ON THE ROADSIDE...

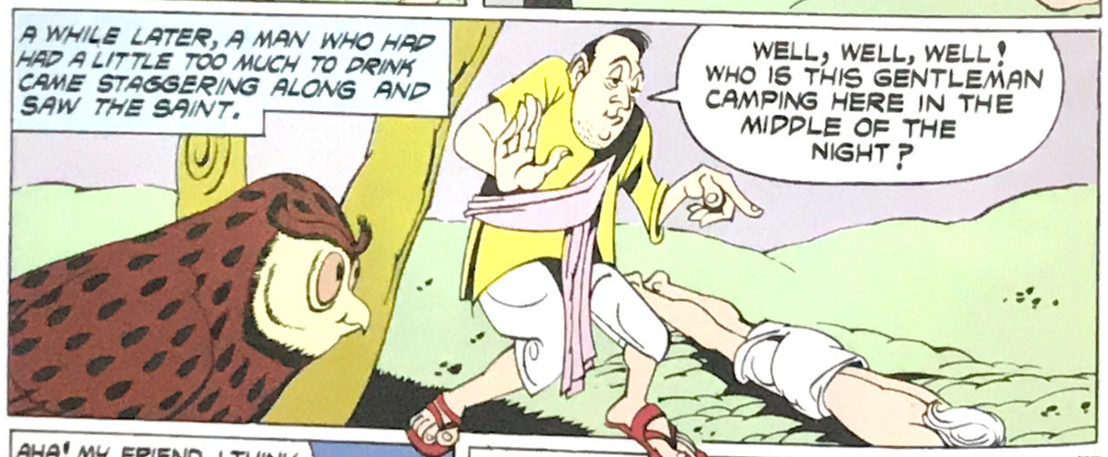

...A THIEF CAME BY.
WHO IS THAT FELLOW LYING THERE ON THE ROAD?

HMM... HE MUST BE A THIEF!

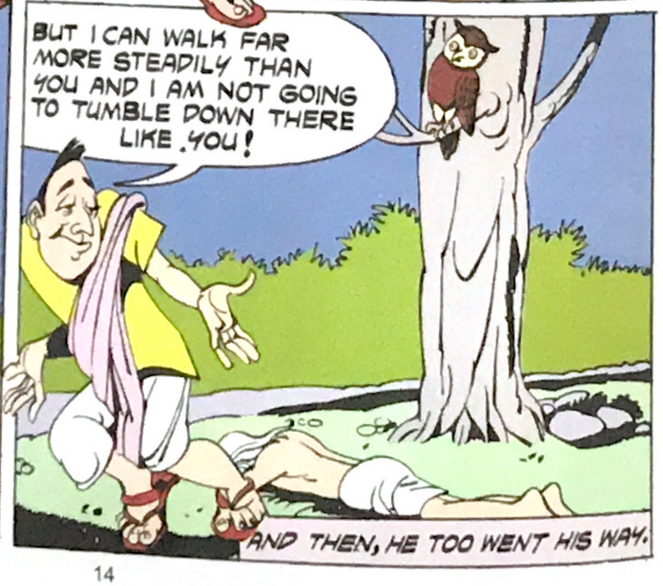
HE MUST HAVE ROBBED SOME HOUSE IN THE NEIGHBOURING VILLAGE AND RUN ALL THE WAY HERE. NOW HE'S SLEEPING THROUGH SHEER EXHAUSTION.

THE POLICE MAY ARRIVE ANY MOMENT TO CAPTURE HIM. I HAD BETTER RUN AWAY BEFORE THEY COME.

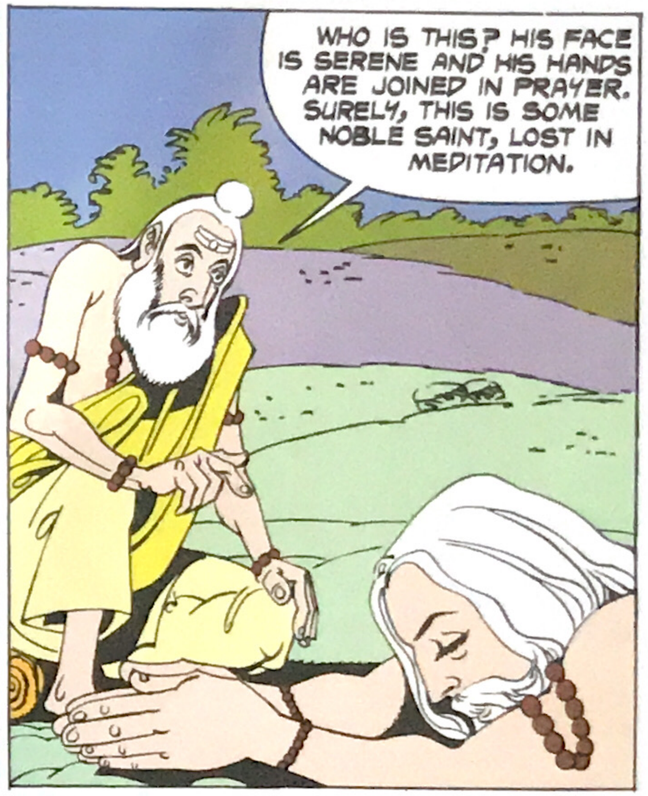
AND THE THIEF FLED.

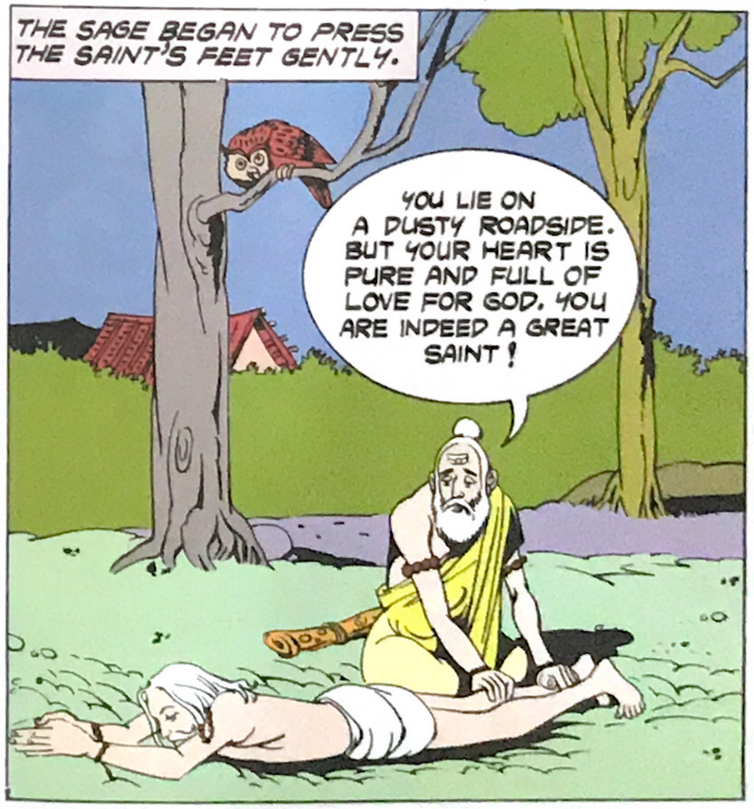

A WHILE LATER, A MAN WHO HAD HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DRINK CAME STAGGERING ALONG AND SAW THE SAINT.
WELL, WELL, WELL! WHO IS THIS GENTLEMAN CAMPING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

AHA! MY FRIEND, I THINK YOU HAVE HAD A SIP TOO MUCH... AND YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO THIS DITCH.

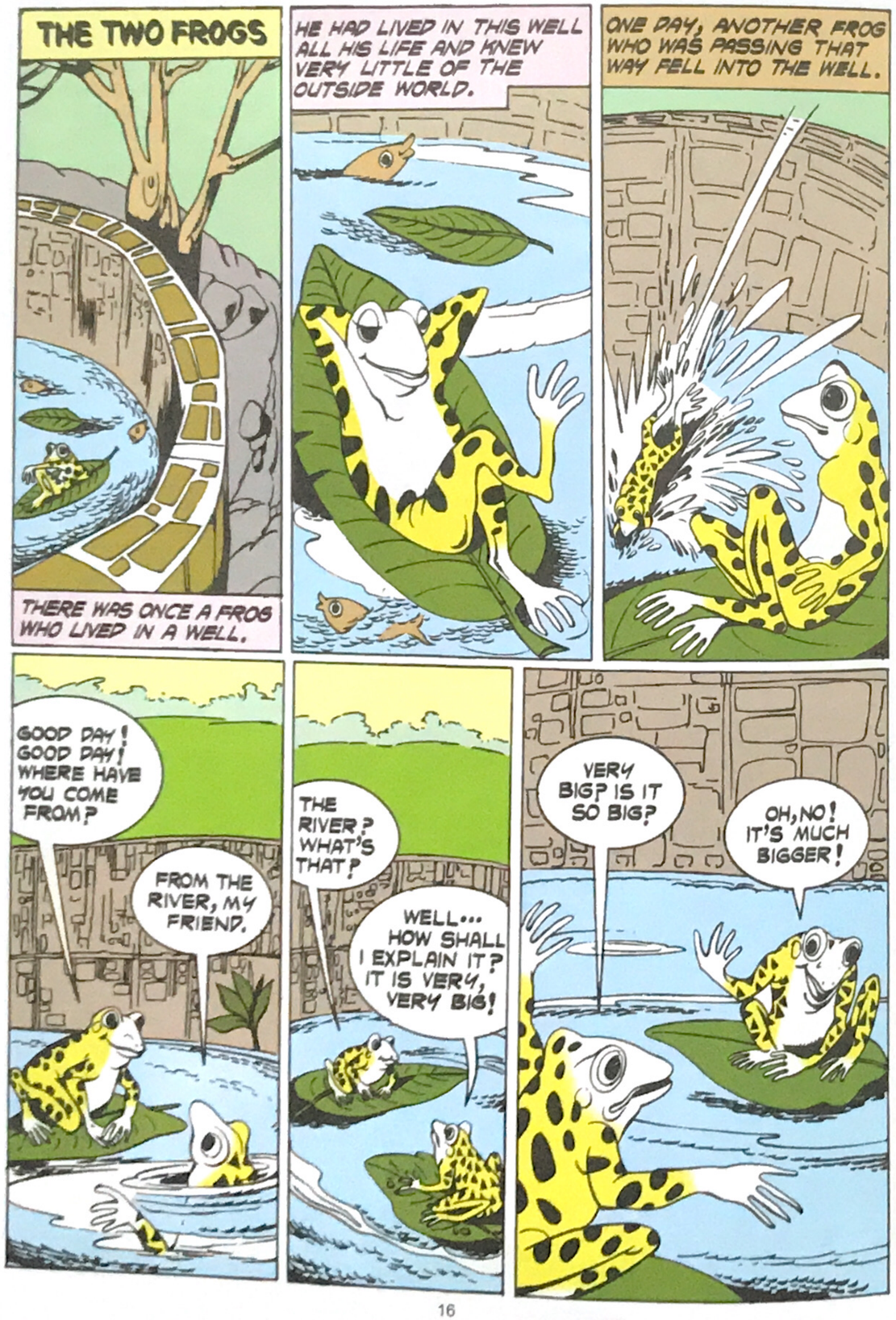

BUT I CAN WALK FAR MORE STEADILY THAN YOU AND I AM NOT GOING TO TUMBLE DOWN THERE LIKE YOU!
AND THEN, HE TOO WENT HIS WAY.

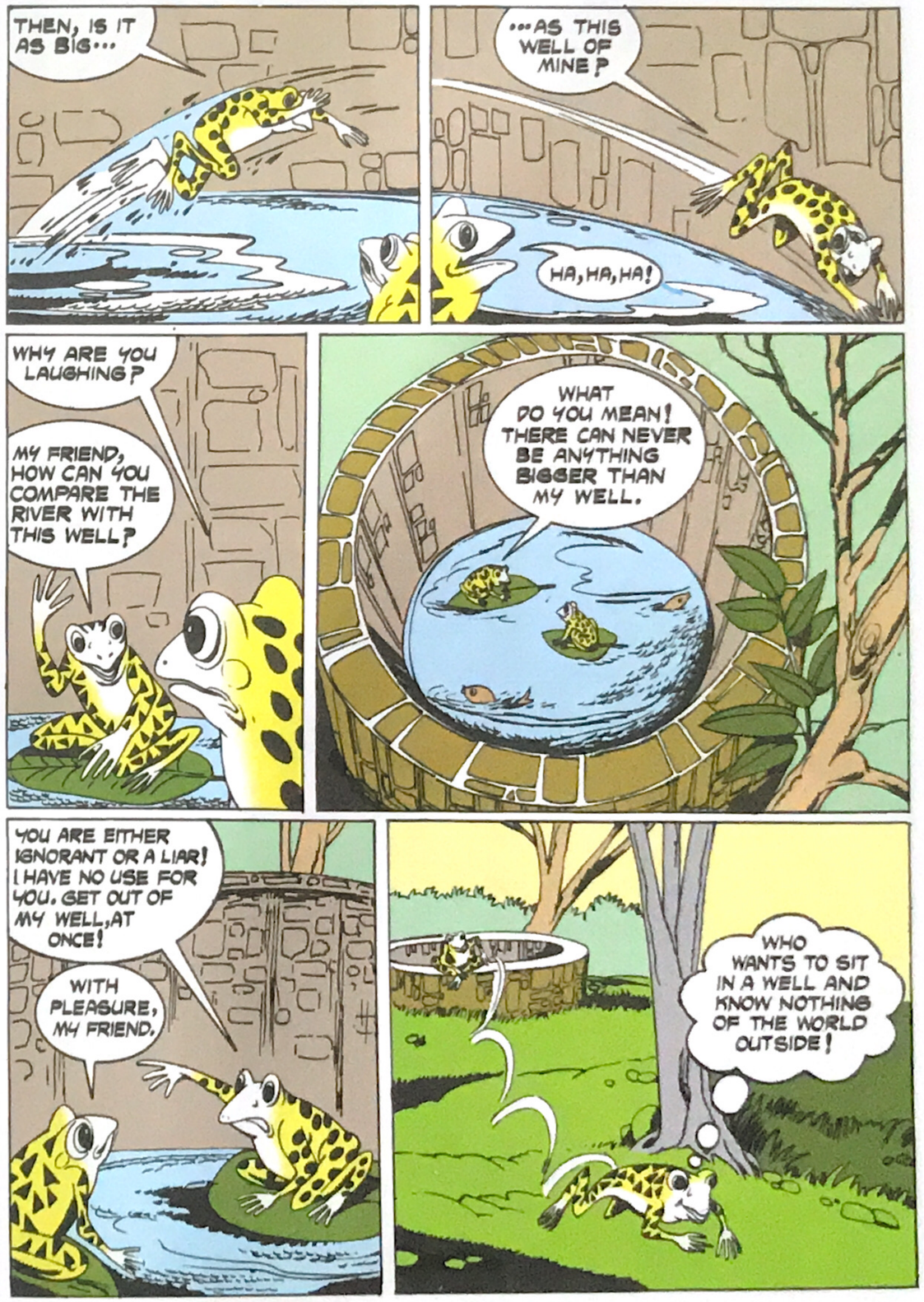
SOON, ANOTHER SAGE CAME THAT WAY.


WHO IS THIS? HIS FACE IS SERENE AND HIS HANDS ARE JOINED IN PRAYER. SURELY, THIS IS SOME NOBLE SAINT, LOST IN MEDITATION.

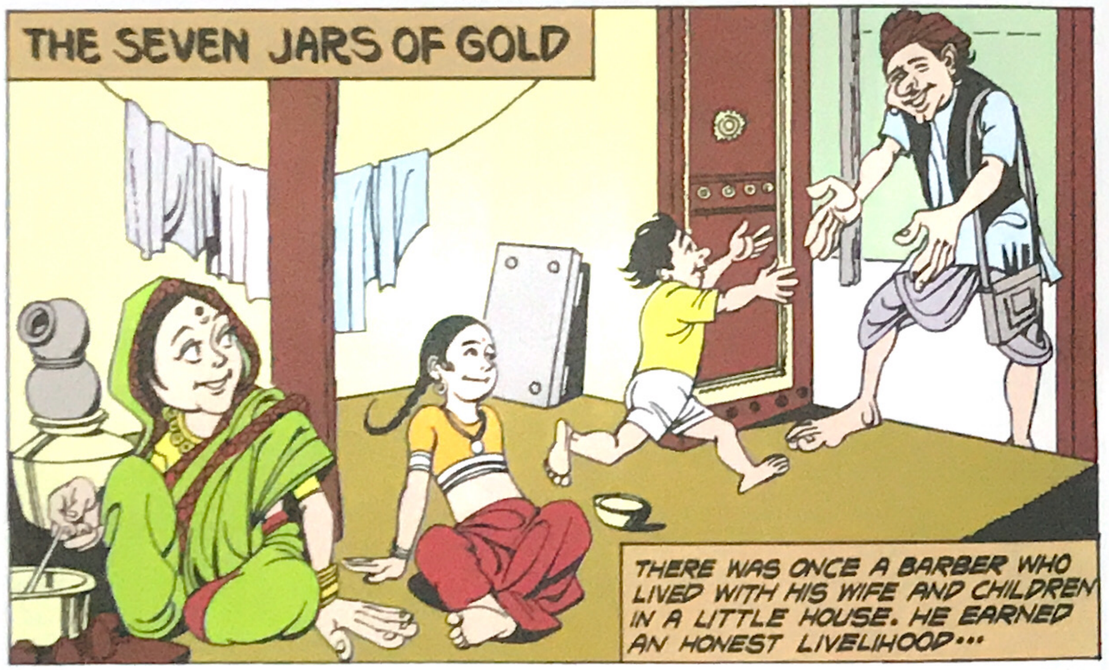

THE SAGE BEGAN TO PRESS THE SAINT'S FEET GENTLY.
YOU LIE ON A DUSTY ROADSIDE. BUT YOUR HEART IS PURE AND FULL OF LOVE FOR GOD. YOU ARE INDEED A GREAT SAINT!

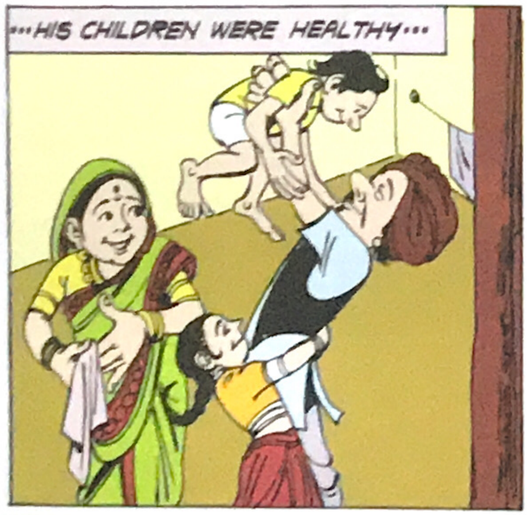
AND SO IS HE. FOR WE SEE IN OTHERS, WHAT WE ARE OURSELVES.

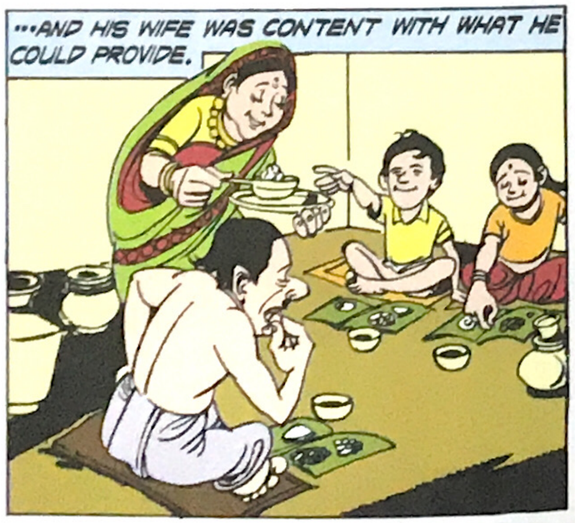

THE TWO FROGS
THERE WAS ONCE A FROG WHO LIVED IN A WELL.
HE HAD LIVED IN THIS WELL ALL HIS LIFE AND KNEW VERY LITTLE OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
ONE DAY, ANOTHER FROG WHO WAS PASSING THAT WAY FELL INTO THE WELL.
GOOD DAY! GOOD DAY! WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?
FROM THE RIVER, MY FRIEND.
THE RIVER? WHAT'S THAT?
WELL... HOW SHALL I EXPLAIN IT? IT IS VERY, VERY BIG!
VERY BIG? IS IT SO BIG?
OH, NO! IT'S MUCH BIGGER!

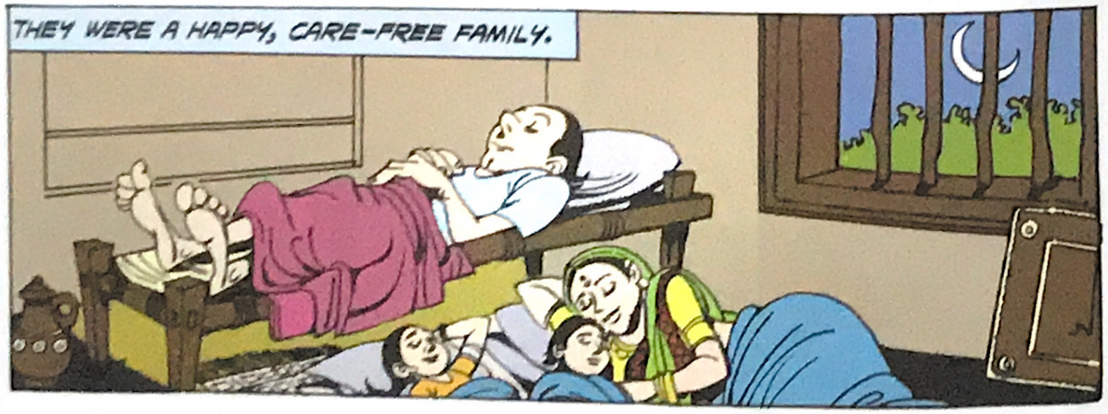

THEN, IS IT AS BIG...
...AS THIS WELL OF MINE?
HA, HA, HA!
WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?
MY FRIEND, HOW CAN YOU COMPARE THE RIVER WITH THIS WELL?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN! THERE CAN NEVER BE ANYTHING BIGGER THAN MY WELL.
YOU ARE EITHER IGNORANT OR A LIAR! I HAVE NO USE FOR YOU. GET OUT OF MY WELL, AT ONCE!
WITH PLEASURE, MY FRIEND.
WHO WANTS TO SIT IN A WELL AND KNOW NOTHING OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE!

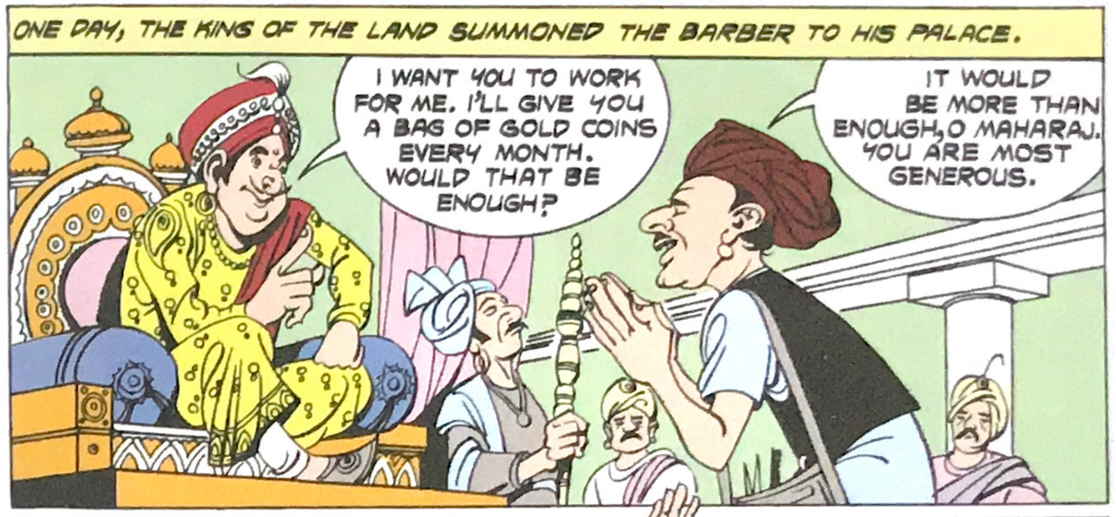
THE SEVEN JARS OF GOLD

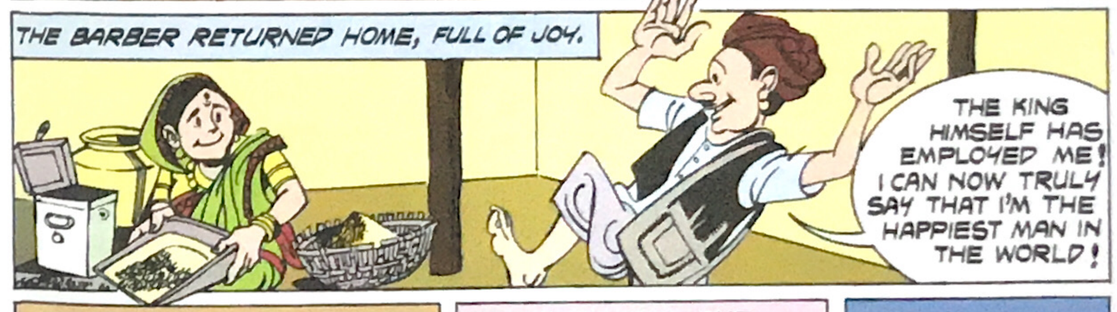


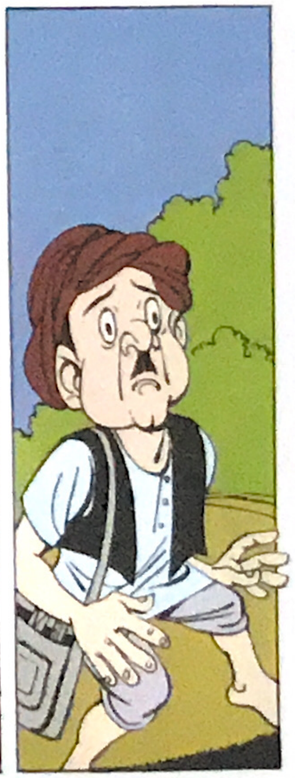




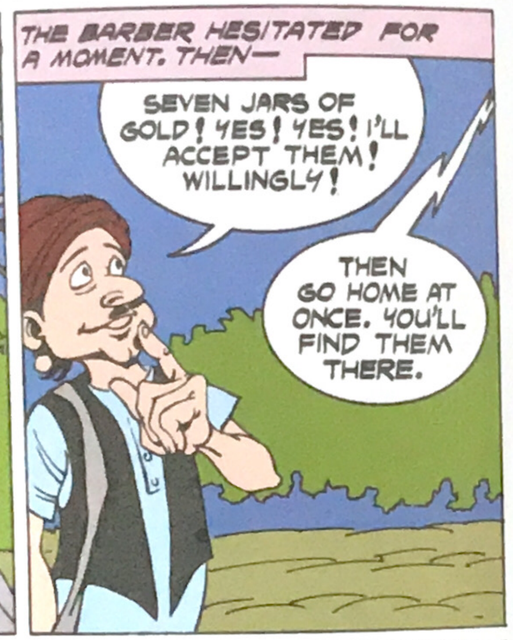


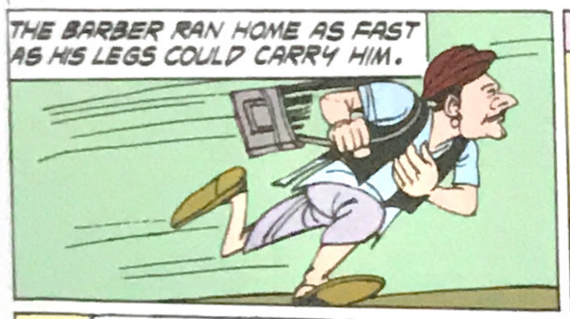






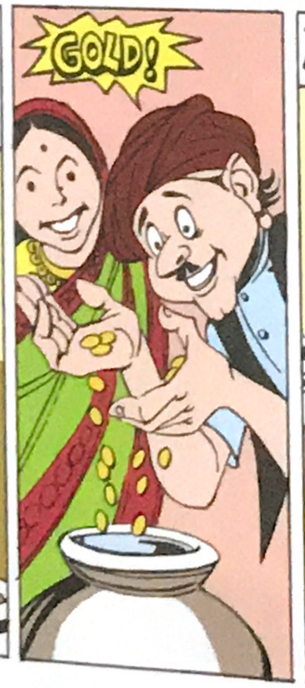
I AM A YAKSHA— A SPIRIT WHO LIVES IN THIS TREE. I WANT TO GIVE YOU SEVEN JARS OF GOLD. WILL YOU ACCEPT THEM?


THE BARBER HESITATED FOR A MOMENT. THEN—
SEVEN JARS OF GOLD! YES! YES! I'LL ACCEPT THEM! WILLINGLY!
THEN GO HOME AT ONCE. YOU'LL FIND THEM THERE.


THE BARBER RAN HOME AS FAST AS HIS LEGS COULD CARRY HIM.

AND THERE STOOD THE SEVEN JARS!
AH, YOU'VE COME. I NOTICED THESE JARS JUST NOW. HOW DID THEY GET HERE?

THEY HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO ME BY A FRIEND. QUICK LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE.

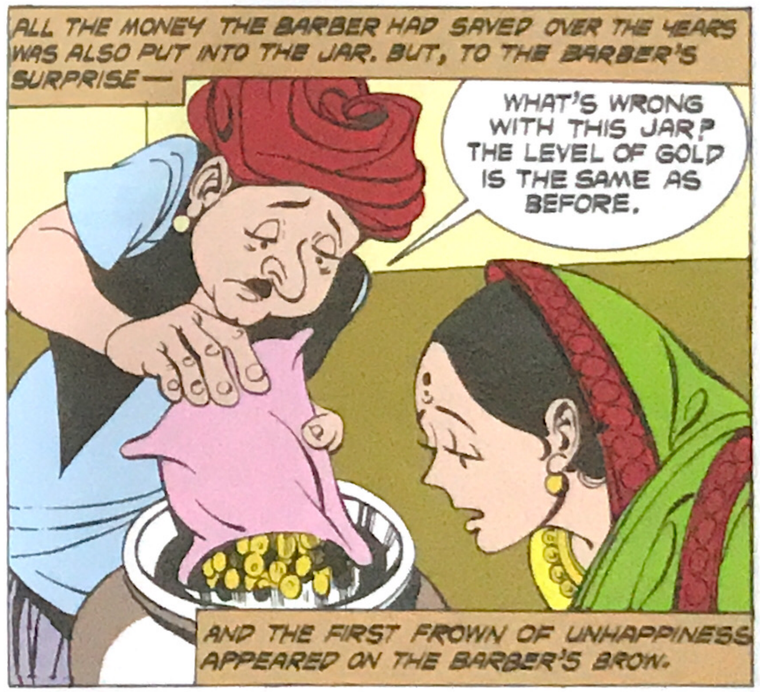

GOLD!

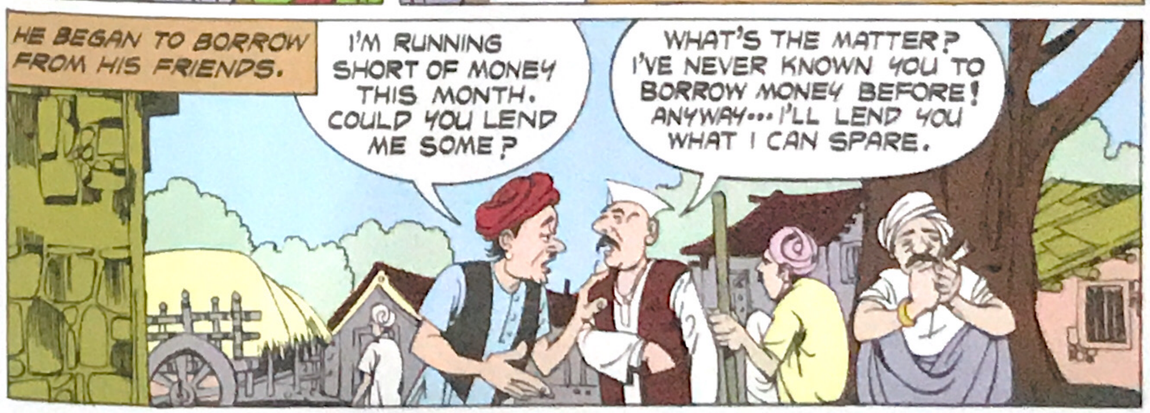
THE BARBER AND HIS WIFE UNCOVERED ALL THE JARS.
SEVEN JARS OF GOLD! ALL FULL TO THE BRIM!
NOT ALL! THIS ONE ISN'T FULL TO THE BRIM.

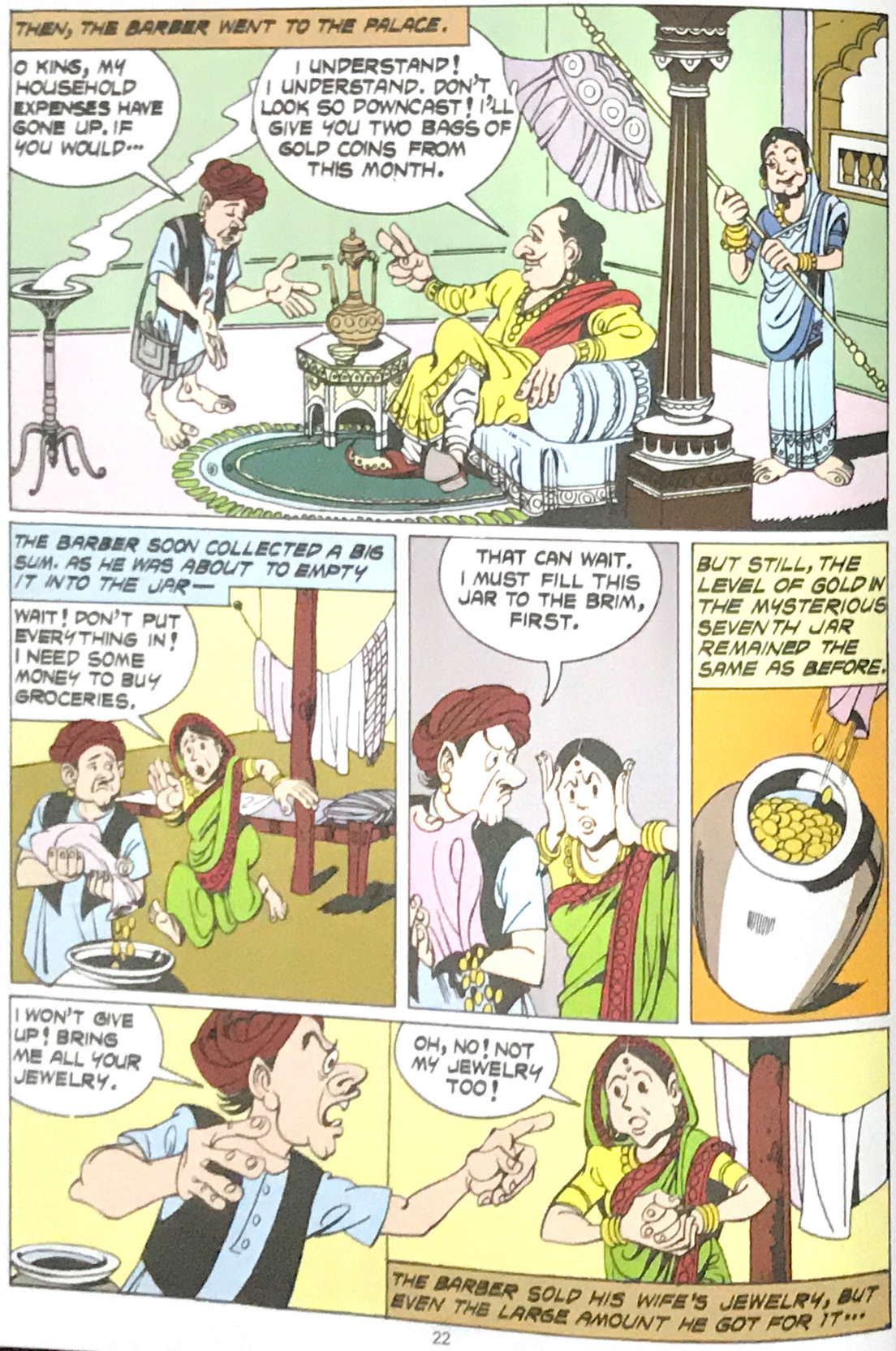
IT ISN'T? BUT THE YAK... I MEAN MY FRIEND SAID...
IT DOESN'T MATTER.

IT DOES. BRING ME ALL THE MONEY YOU HAVE.

THE BARBER TOOK THE MONEY HE HAD GIVEN HIS WIFE TO RUN THE HOME, EXCHANGED IT FOR GOLD COINS, AND EMPTIED THEM INTO THE SEVENTH JAR. BUT—
WE NEED MUCH MORE TO FILL IT. BRING ME THE BAG THAT HAS MY SAVINGS.


ALL THE MONEY THE BARBER HAD SAVED OVER THE YEARS WAS ALSO PUT INTO THE JAR. BUT, TO THE BARBER'S SURPRISE—
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS JAR? THE LEVEL OF GOLD IS THE SAME AS BEFORE.
AND THE FIRST FROWN OF UNHAPPINESS APPEARED ON THE BARBER'S BROW.


HE BEGAN TO BORROW FROM HIS FRIENDS.
I'M RUNNING SHORT OF MONEY THIS MONTH. COULD YOU LEND ME SOME?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU TO BORROW MONEY BEFORE! ANYWAY... I'LL LEND YOU WHAT I CAN SPARE.

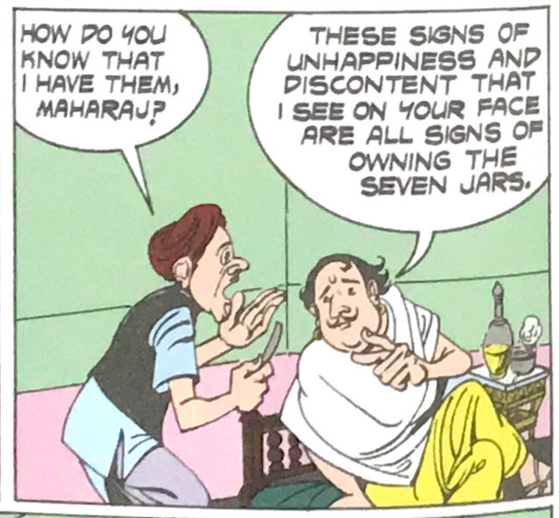

THEN, THE BARBER WENT TO THE PALACE.
O KING, MY HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES HAVE GONE UP. IF YOU WOULD...
I UNDERSTAND! I UNDERSTAND. DON'T LOOK SO DOWNCAST! I'LL GIVE YOU TWO BAGS OF GOLD COINS FROM THIS MONTH.
THE BARBER SOON COLLECTED A BIG SUM. AS HE WAS ABOUT TO EMPTY IT INTO THE JAR—
WAIT! DON'T PUT EVERYTHING IN! I NEED SOME MONEY TO BUY GROCERIES.
THAT CAN WAIT. I MUST FILL THIS JAR TO THE BRIM, FIRST.
BUT STILL, THE LEVEL OF GOLD IN THE MYSTERIOUS SEVENTH JAR REMAINED THE SAME AS BEFORE.
I WON'T GIVE UP! BRING ME ALL YOUR JEWELRY.
OH, NO! NOT MY JEWELRY TOO!
THE BARBER SOLD HIS WIFE'S JEWELRY, BUT EVEN THE LARGE AMOUNT HE GOT FOR IT...

...WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR THE SEVENTH JAR. THE MORE IT WAS FED, THE GREEDIER IT SEEMED TO BECOME.
THIS JAR IS DRIVING ME MAD! UNTIL I SEE IT FULL, I WILL HAVE NO PEACE.
AND SO—
I'M STILL HUNGRY, MOTHER. CAN I HAVE SOME MORE?
THERE ISN'T ANY LEFT, MY CHILD.
AT NIGHT—
IT'S TWO IN THE MORNING AND YOU'RE STILL NOT ASLEEP.
LEAVE ME ALONE!
IF I SELL THE COW, I'LL GET A GOOD SUM. THE SILVER PLATES WILL ALSO FETCH A GOOD PRICE. I WILL ALSO SELL THE...

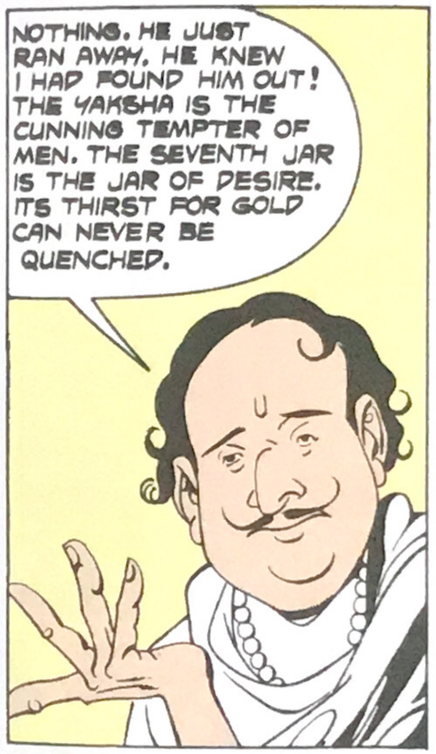
AND SO IT WENT ON, EVERY BIT OF MONEY THE BARBER COULD LAY HIS HANDS ON, WENT INTO THE JAR. BUT—
STILL THE SAME LEVEL. OH, GOD! I AM TRULY THE UNHAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

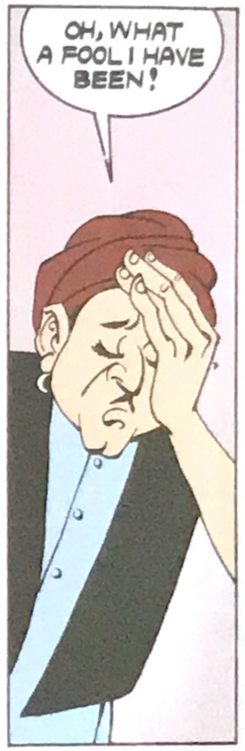
ALL THIS TIME, THE KING HAD BEEN NOTICING THAT THE BARBER WAS NO LONGER HIS OLD HAPPY SELF.
MY GOOD MAN, WHEN I WAS GIVING YOU HALF OF WHAT I GIVE YOU NOW, YOU WERE A CHEERFUL AND CONTENTED MAN.

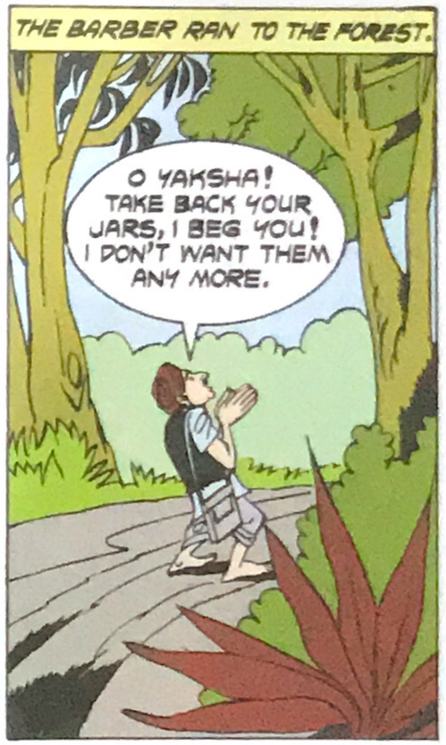
NOW YOUR FACE HAS A PERPETUAL FROWN. YOU SEEM TO BE MISERABLE. HAVE YOU BY ANY CHANCE GOT THE SEVEN JARS?


HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE THEM, MAHARAJ?
THESE SIGNS OF UNHAPPINESS AND DISCONTENT THAT I SEE ON YOUR FACE ARE ALL SIGNS OF OWNING THE SEVEN JARS.

ONE NIGHT IN THE FOREST, THE YAKSHA OFFERED ME THE JARS OF GOLD TOO! I ASKED HIM IF THE GOLD COULD BE GIVEN AWAY OR HAD TO BE HOARDED.
WHAT DID HE SAY?


NOTHING. HE JUST RAN AWAY. HE KNEW I HAD FOUND HIM OUT! THE YAKSHA IS THE CUNNING TEMPTER OF MEN. THE SEVENTH JAR IS THE JAR OF DESIRE. ITS THIRST FOR GOLD CAN NEVER BE QUENCHED.

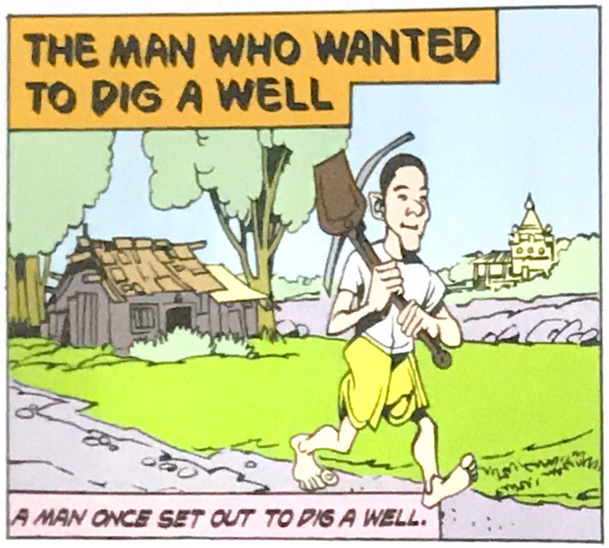

OH, WHAT A FOOL I HAVE BEEN!

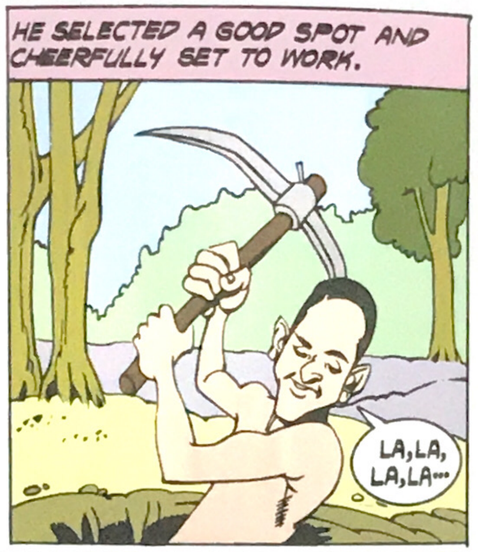

THE BARBER RAN TO THE FOREST.
O YAKSHA! TAKE BACK YOUR JARS, I BEG YOU! I DON'T WANT THEM ANY MORE.

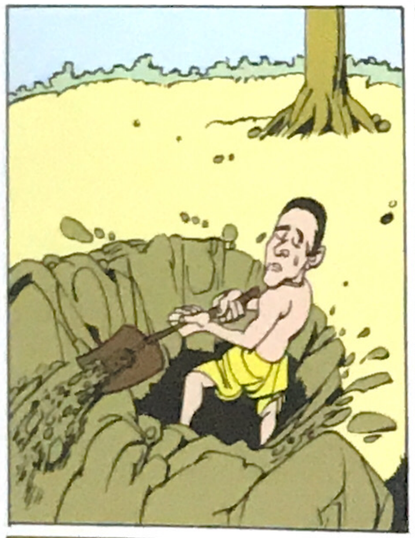
ALL RIGHT. GO HOME, FOR THEY HAVE ALREADY VANISHED.

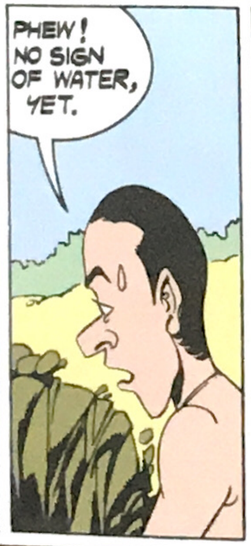
WHEN THE BARBER REACHED HOME—
THEY ARE GONE! WHAT A GREAT LOAD HAS BEEN TAKEN OFF MY CHEST!
BUT WITH THE JARS, ALL OUR SAVINGS... EVERYTHING THAT WE HAD... HAS ALSO GONE.

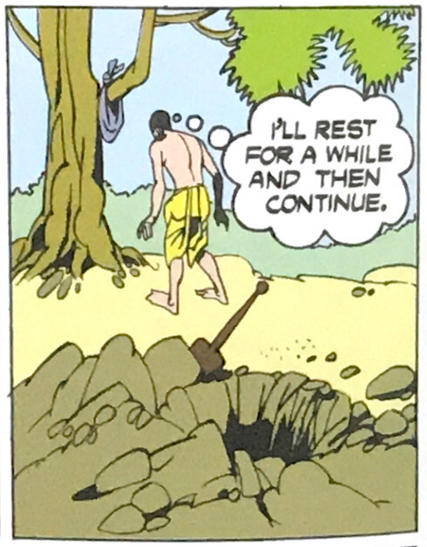
NEVER MIND. I AM STILL HALE AND HEARTY. LET US MAKE A FRESH START. TRULY, THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN A SIMPLE LIFE... A HAPPY LIFE!

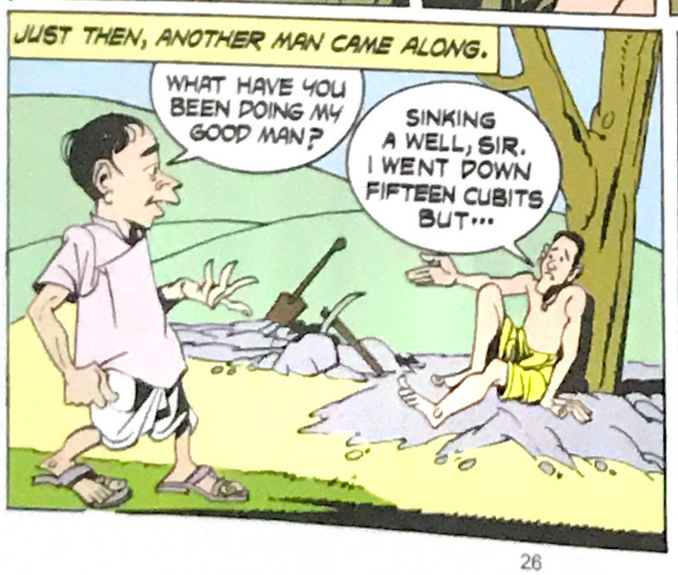

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO DIG A WELL
A MAN ONCE SET OUT TO DIG A WELL.


HE SELECTED A GOOD SPOT AND CHEERFULLY SET TO WORK.
LA, LA, LA, LA...



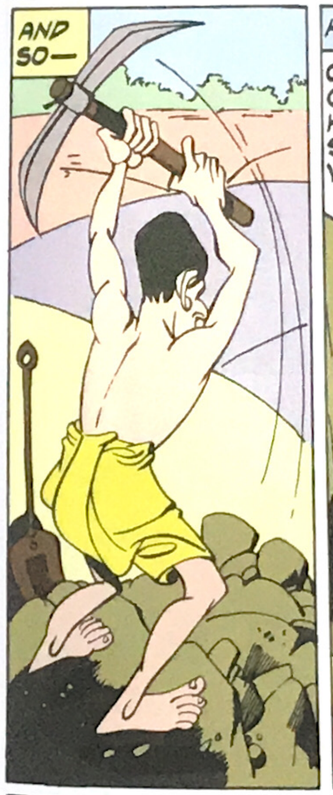

PHEW! NO SIGN OF WATER, YET.

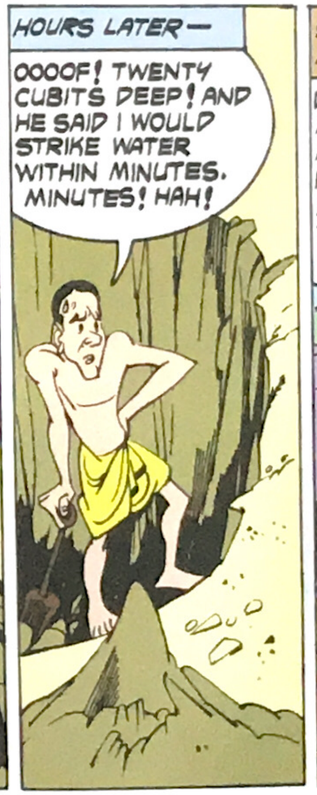

I'LL REST FOR A WHILE AND THEN CONTINUE.


JUST THEN, ANOTHER MAN CAME ALONG.
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING MY GOOD MAN?
SINKING A WELL, SIR. I WENT DOWN FIFTEEN CUBITS BUT...

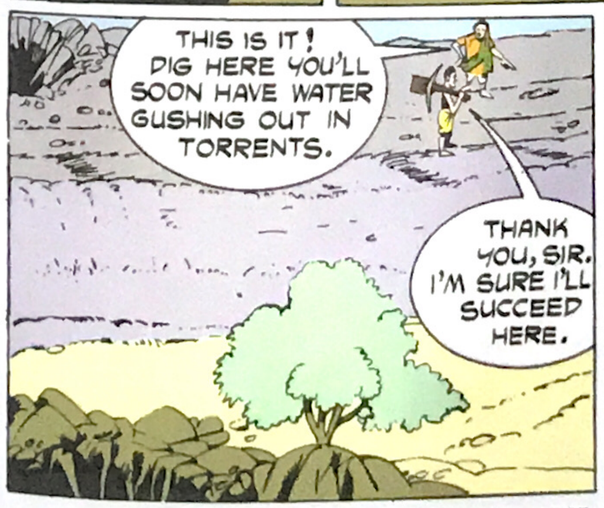
OH! I WISH I HAD PASSED THIS WAY EARLIER. I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHERE TO DIG. ANYWAY, COME WITH ME.

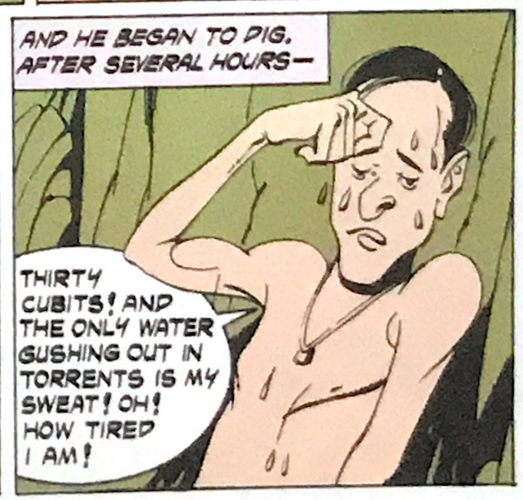
HERE WE ARE! DIG HERE AND I ASSURE YOU, YOU WILL STRIKE WATER WITHIN MINUTES.
THANK YOU, SIR. I WILL START RIGHT AWAY.

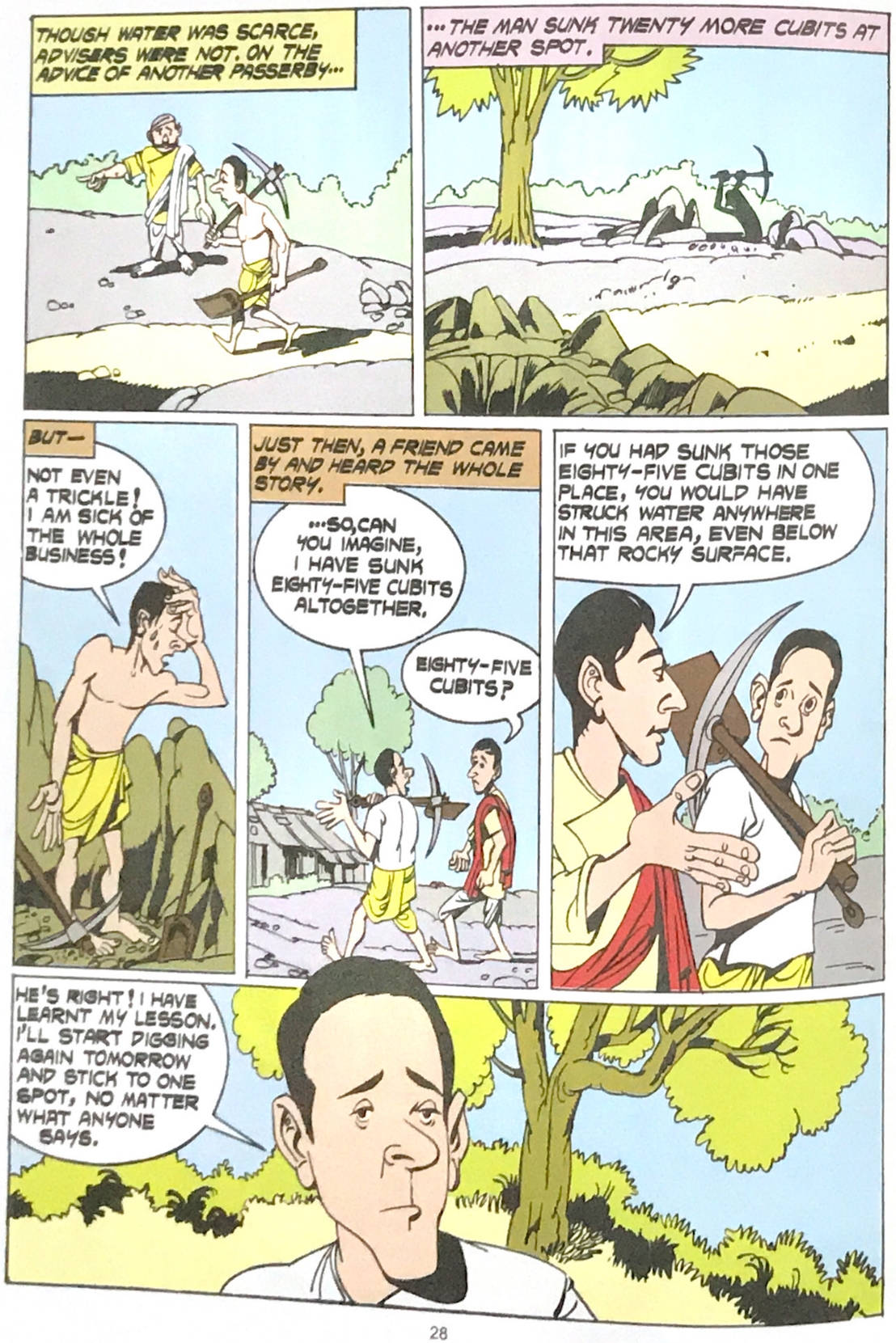

AND SO—


HOURS LATER—
OOOOF! TWENTY CUBITS DEEP! AND HE SAID I WOULD STRIKE WATER WITHIN MINUTES. MINUTES! HAH!

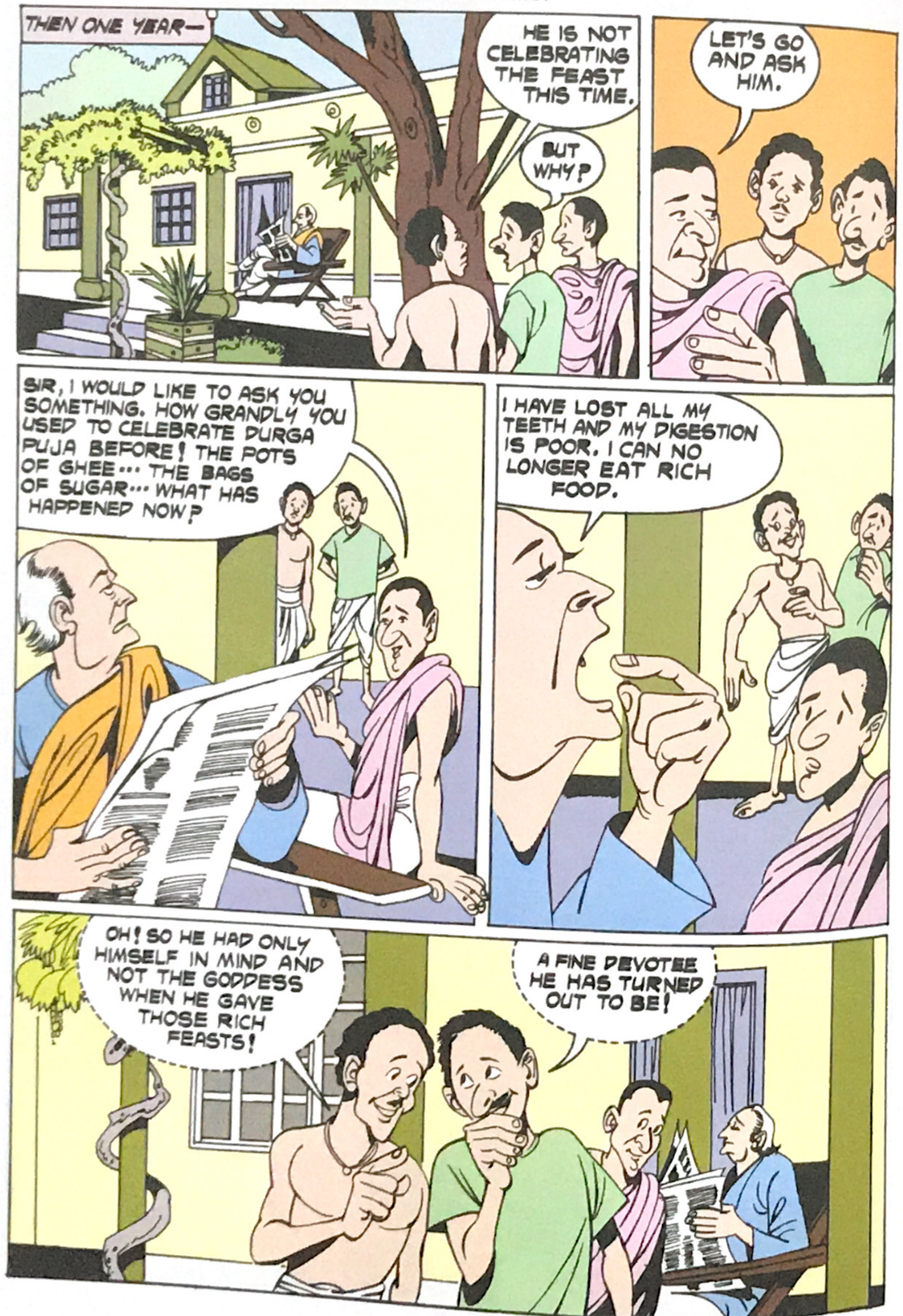
SOON YET ANOTHER MAN CAME ALONG.
DIGGING A WELL, ARE YOU? WHAT MADE YOU DIG HERE, OF ALL PLACES? I KNOW THE BEST SPOT.


THIS IS IT! DIG HERE YOU'LL SOON HAVE WATER GUSHING OUT IN TORRENTS.
THANK YOU, SIR. I'M SURE I'LL SUCCEED HERE.


AND HE BEGAN TO DIG. AFTER SEVERAL HOURS—
THIRTY CUBITS! AND THE ONLY WATER GUSHING OUT IN TORRENTS IS MY SWEAT! OH! HOW TIRED I AM!


THOUGH WATER WAS SCARCE, ADVISERS WERE NOT. ON THE ADVICE OF ANOTHER PASSERBY...
...THE MAN SUNK TWENTY MORE CUBITS AT ANOTHER SPOT.
BUT—
NOT EVEN A TRICKLE! I AM SICK OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS!
JUST THEN, A FRIEND CAME BY AND HEARD THE WHOLE STORY.
...SO, CAN YOU IMAGINE, I HAVE SUNK EIGHTY-FIVE CUBITS ALTOGETHER.
EIGHTY-FIVE CUBITS?
IF YOU HAD SUNK THOSE EIGHTY-FIVE CUBITS IN ONE PLACE, YOU WOULD HAVE STRUCK WATER ANYWHERE IN THIS AREA, EVEN BELOW THAT ROCKY SURFACE.
HE'S RIGHT! I HAVE LEARNT MY LESSON. I'LL START DIGGING AGAIN TOMORROW AND STICK TO ONE SPOT, NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE SAYS.

THE RICH MAN'S FEASTS
THERE WAS ONCE A RICH MAN WHO WAS CONSIDERED A GREAT DEVOTEE OF DURGA.
AT THE TIME OF THE ANNUAL DURGA PUJA, HE CELEBRATED THE FESTIVAL WITH RICH FEASTS FOR THE GODDESS.
I WANT THE BEST FOR THE GODDESS. DO NOT STINT ANYTHING.
THE WHOLE VILLAGE CAME TO WATCH THE PREPARATIONS.
I HAVE BEEN COUNTING THE BAGS OF SUGAR AND RICE!
AND I THE POTS OF GHEE! HOW DEVOTED HE IS TO THE GODDESS!
IN THIS MANNER MANY YEARS PASSED AND THE MAN GREW OLD.



मस्ती, मनोरंजन और ज्ञान का भंडार

टिंकल

स्पेशल डाइजेस्ट

सभी बुक स्टॉल पर उपलब्ध।

सुपंडी, शिकारी शंभु, तंत्री मंत्री, कालिया कौआ, प्यारेलाल और आपके बाकी प्यारे दोस्तों की मस्ती भरी कहानियों का अनोखा संग्रह...

तो आप अपना टिंकल स्पेशल डाइजेस्ट का संग्रह कब बना रहे हैं ?

अपनी प्रति आज ही सुरक्षित करें...

जल्दी ही अपनी निकटतम बुक स्टॉल से टिंकल स्पेशल डाइजेस्ट की प्रति खरीदें या लॉग ऑन करें www.amarchitrakatha.com